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# THE NEW YORKER

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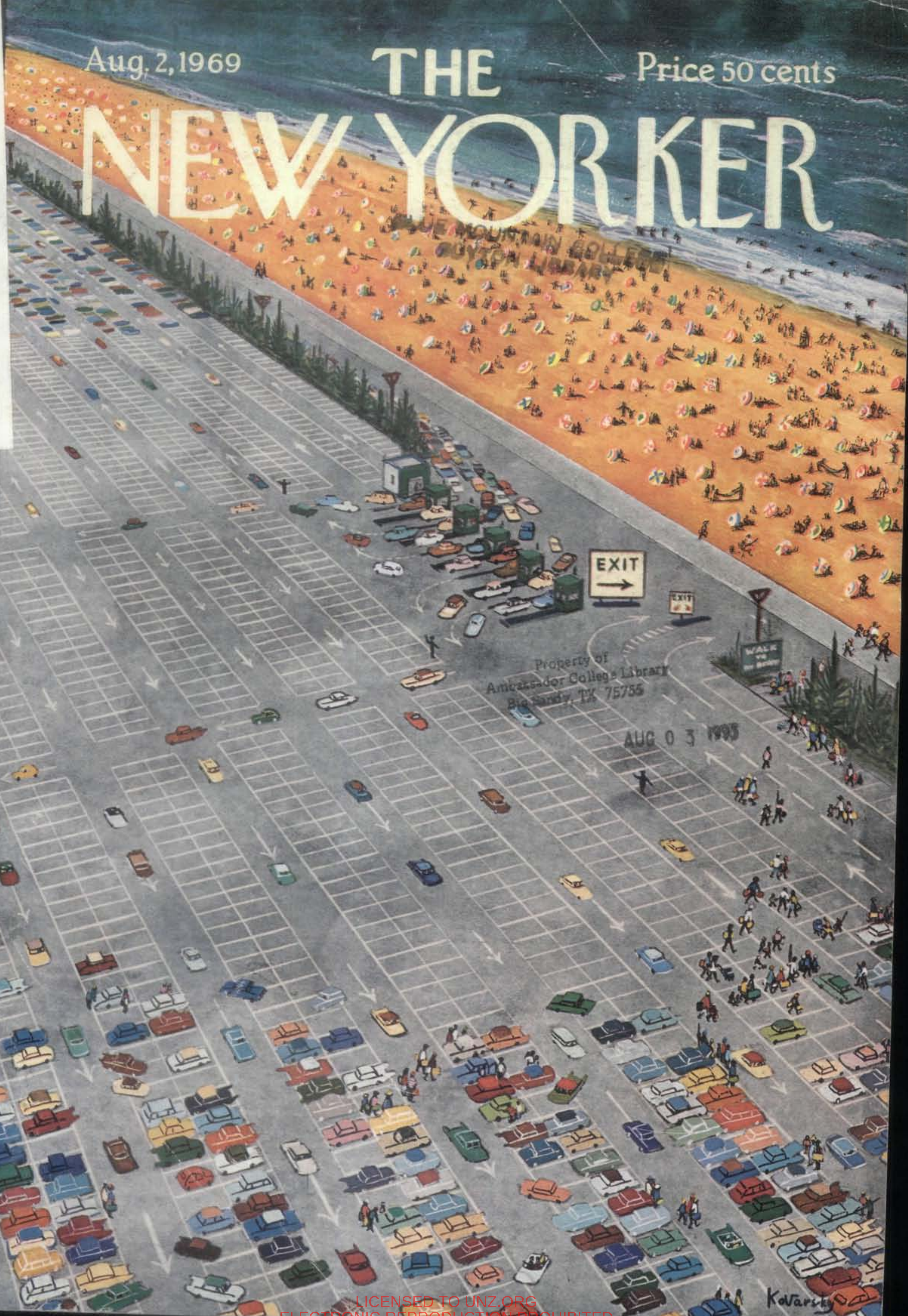
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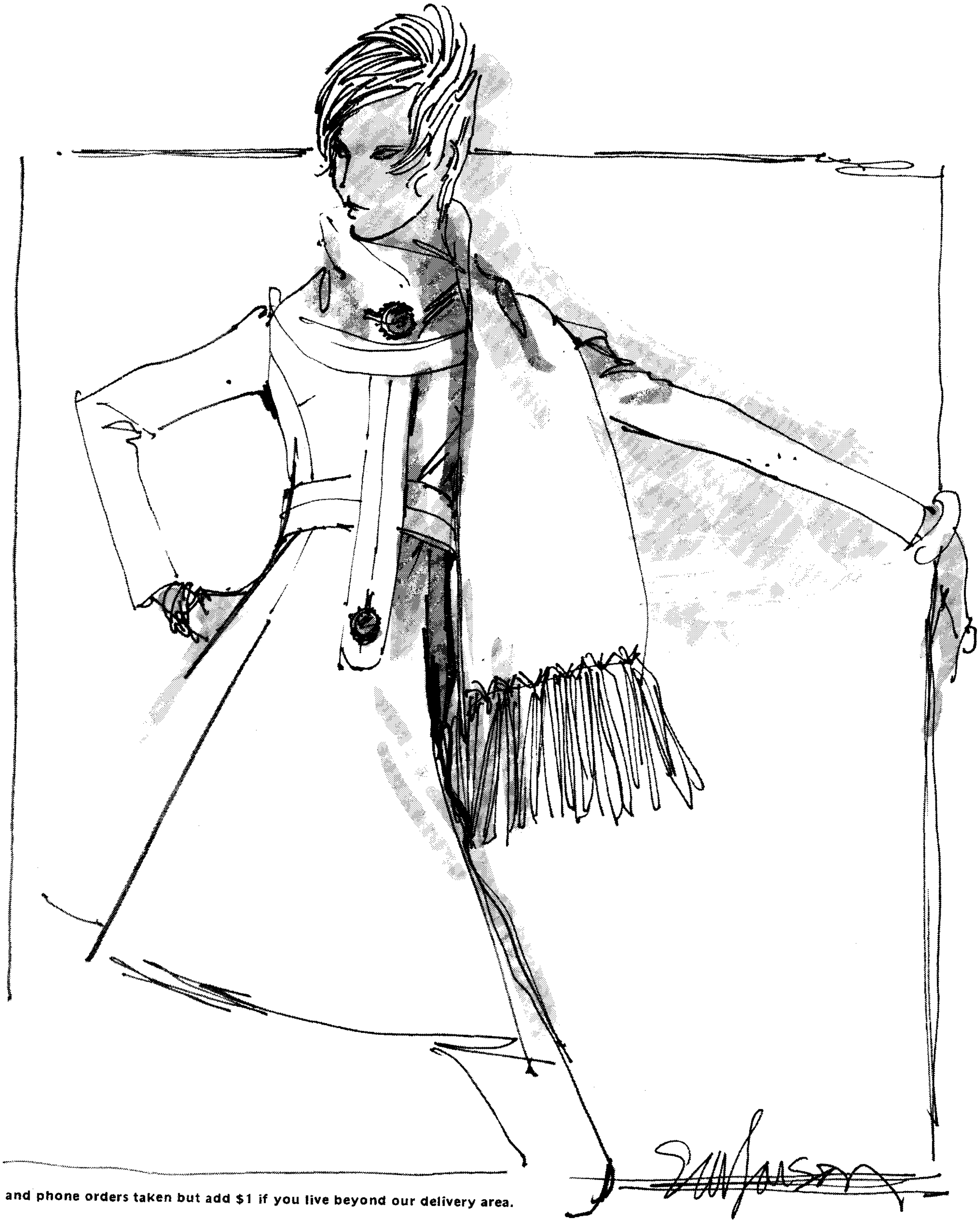

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Adaptation** and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and Dick Van Patten are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A Black Quartet**—Four plays by Ed Bullins, Ben Caldwell, LeRoi Jones, and Ronald Milner. Opens Wednesday, July 30. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Ceremonies in Dark Old Men**—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**De Sade Illustrated**—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

**Forty Carats**—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Geese**—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Hadrian VII**—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on the peculiar novel of the same name by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the paranoid hero with great élan. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer**—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**Little Murders**—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**No Place to Be Somebody**—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**Play It Again, Sam**—Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. Mr. Allen wrote this confused comedy and has had the sense to fill it with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**To Be Young, Gifted and Black**—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**the boys in the band:** A comedy *about a birthday party at which the host and* at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **the great white hope:** A huge cast, headed by James Earl Jones, is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **plaza suite:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**Dames at Sea**—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Hoofers**—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by ten or so of its proponents. With, among others, Raymond Kaalund, Sandman Sims, Rhythm Red, and Chuck Green. Go and see for yourself. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Oh! Calcutta!**—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Oklahoma!**—A revival by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Bruce Yarnell, Spiro

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COVER: *Anatol Kovarsky*

DRAWINGS: *Charles Saxon, Stan Hunt, James Stevenson, Alan Dunn, Warren Miller, Richard Oldden, Lee Lorenz, Barney Tobey, Henry Martin, Carl Rose, Claude Smith, Robert Weber, Eldon Dedini, J. B. Handelsman, Edward Koren*

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Malas, and Margaret Hamilton. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Promenade**—A *musical caper with an enchanting*, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Promises, Promises**—Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a marvellous musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**1776**—A *simpleminded misreading of American* history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30 Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Whores, Wars & Tin Pan Alley**—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein in a program of Kurt Weill songs. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Zorba**—An amiable musical starring Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. "Zorba the Greek" was a popular novel and then a popular movie, so the musical can offer few surprises, but in a musical who needs surprises? The tidy, pleasant music and lyrics are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, respectively, who did "Cabaret." (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Melissa Hart and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** You saved men from drowning. I'm not a hero, however. If he stays on here I am off. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Jerry Jarrett (filling in for Harry Goz, who will return on Monday, Aug. 4) in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Bob Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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### OUTDOORS

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—Among the assets of this free production of Ibsen's **PEER GYNT** (which will be given through Saturday, Aug. 2) are Stacy Keach's good performance as wicked old Peer in the second half (his rascally young Peer in the first half is only fair), the dancing, and a few startling and entertaining visual effects; among the liabilities are a lot of poor or non-acting, too many distracting stunts, and the interminable (and intolerable) script.... **TWELFTH NIGHT**, with Tom Aldredge and Barbara Barrie, will be the second of two plays by the company. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 6, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 30. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:45. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**Jones Beach Theatre**—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Jerome Hines, Nancy Dussault, and Jerry Lester. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Bitter End**, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. Singers Tony Kosinec and Linda Ronstadt are among the performers, giving shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

**Casey's**, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

**Half Note**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz, like that produced by the Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet and the Ross Tompkins trio. On Tuesday, Aug. 5, other musicians will take the stand. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

**Jimmy Ryan's**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, depleted by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

**Red Garter**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

**Red Onion**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

**Slugs'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Lee Morgan quintet. On Tuesday, Aug. 5, Larry Coryell's swinging quintet will arrive. On Sundays, things start at seven. Closed Mondays.

**Village Gate**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The best all-around entertainment spot in the Village. Upstairs, the Les McCann trio entertains, beginning at about nine-thirty. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Miles Davis's fast-moving quintet takes turns with the nonpareil meditations of the Thelonious Monk quartet. On Sundays and on Tuesdays through Thursdays, shows are at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. On Fridays, the music begins at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

**Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. The Herbie Hancock sextet will be onstage until Tuesday, Aug. 5, when another outfit will move in. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

**West Boondock**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

**Your Father's Mustache**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, a Dixieland band makes music from four-thirty until nine. Then the regular crew takes over and plays till the cows, etc. It's nifty.

### DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

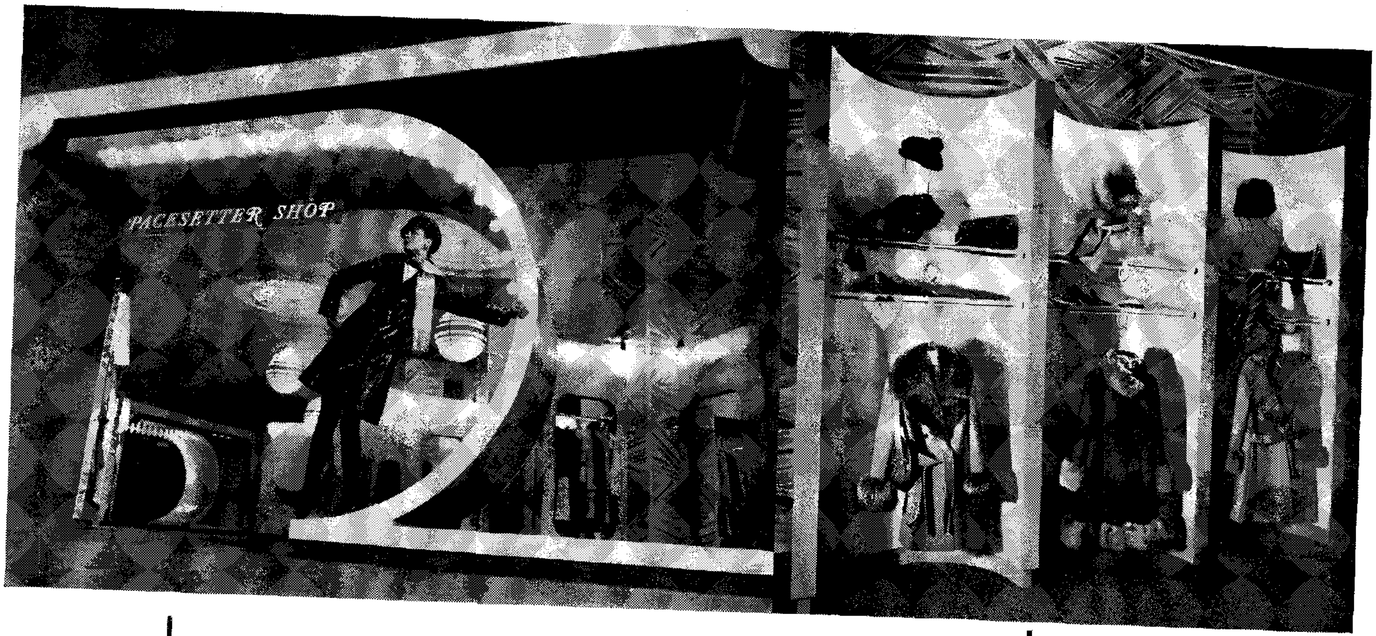
**Aux Puces**, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort. Closed Sundays.

**Directoire**, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

**Electric Circus**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Boffalongo plays for dancing until Tuesday, Aug. 5, when Catfish takes over. Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

**L'Interdit**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from

# the pacesetter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nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

**Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Pretending one is in Cairo can be fun, occasionally. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some polished entertainers, on a swing through the hotel circuit, play and sing between record sets: the Faculty until Saturday, Aug. 2, and after that Tony, Sam and the Tartans. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

**Wednesday's,** 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

**Wheels,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Credibility Gap does. On Monday, Aug. 4, another group will replace the Gap. Closed Sundays.

**Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "In the Year 2525," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big. The walls are Paisley.

## OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

**ST. REGIS-SHERATON ROOF,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): One of the best of all possible midsummer-night's dreams, though by no means a silent one. Dancing *to* Joseph Sudy's band and Quintero's band, as well as dancing *by* Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann, who belong to a good old school. Music from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Whirl without end, and a social one at that, in the Café Pierre. The impetus is given by the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The old household words, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): It takes all kinds—except, that is, rockers and rollers. The décor and nourishment are elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Trees, grass, winged life, and other reminders of a bygone age are within an eye's reach of the terrace, where there is dance music every evening after seven-thirty.

## CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Downstairs at the Upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—A revised summer edition of "Free Fall," whose modus operandi was thought up by Ronny Graham, is often in his jocular, jugular, Dracula vein. Aside from Sundays, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

**El Avram,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Backyard chatter (and music, music, music) across the fences—Israeli, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Yemenite, and the like—of the Mediterranean world. Avram Grobard is the moderator, George Mgrdichian is chief oudist. Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, Hedva and David provide some Israeli folk songs, and a pair of solemn females turn the *danse du ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

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## BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—First, and often foremost in the Royal Box, enter the dance band of Lee Evans. Next, in the middle of dinner and supper, enter What Four, a boy-meets-girl glee club of high degree and low boiling point. Last, and least, enter Steve Rossi and Slappy White, humorists who often sound as though they don't know they're on the air. Saturday, Aug. 2, brings these matters to a close, but on Thursday, Aug. 7, the enterprise resumes, again with the Evans orchestra, to present the squad of Hines, Hines & Dad, whose song-and-dance routine comes to you direct from "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

**Château Madrid,** Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The heat of the night is supplied by the troupe of troupials and terpsichoreans in the charge of Emilia Rivas, which, though only five strong, does what it can to bring the house down about its Iberian ears. Twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the offbeat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song (Domingo Alvarado) go on until all hours (ten to four, anyway) and every night. Emilio Prados is the highly necessary guitarist.

**Copacabana,** 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Flak power, in the throats, arms, and legs of Little Anthony & the Imperials, sets up tremendous, though melodic, vibrations every night, beginning at dinner, and Bobby Shields, an extremely talkative young man, has several funny things to be said on his behalf. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge, where the floating population of Nevada feels quite at home, the foursome known as the Pacesetters begins, at ten, its odes to the gods of chance.

**Downbeat,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Echoes that haven't been used in years are aroused by the kind of work turned out by the Jimmy McPartland Jazz Band, which turns time backward in its flight. Junior Mance's trio is of 1969, but not dolorously. And the McPartlands are garnished by the declamations of little Annette Sanders. Six-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing, sorry to say.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—One of the last of the leisured class is the Persian Room, where the music (the chiming bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte) plays on, plays on, and an occasional guest (Ann Hilton, from the provinces, right now) gets up and sings in the midst of supper, during the week, and at both dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Chico Hamilton and sextet bring noise to quite an acceptable level; Mousie Alexander's threesome fills up the interludes with music for thinking and music for prancing. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Fridays through Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the perfect spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—When the roll is called up yonder, which it is twice a night, except on Sundays, who should respond but the mightiest name of all—Duke Ellington, whose band scales these heights as easily as it has all others. Dancing, too, as early as seven; curfew at two.

## SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing.)

**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): School keeps on right through the summer, though only Monday through Thursday each week, so that everyone can get out of town for the weekend. Wayne Sanders has the piano in his capable hands from eight until curfew. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A fine state of affairs, all of them foreign, or at least West Indian—costumery, cookery, and chantey, the last of these by a brace of calypso men. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Chuck Wayne's threesome greets it at the gateway to the old corral. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Not the sort of indulgence that should be habit-forming, but it does happen to provide Charles De Forest, whose voice and piano touch irreverently but relevantly on *la vita dolce*. He is absent Sundays.

## SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

**CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Tiber, Tiber, burning bright/Until very late at night—two, say. Up to that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax has taken over the piano in the bar and added several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Tony Gorody, from the era when Havana was a suburb of New York, plays piano from eight-thirty until one-thirty,

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

though never on Saturday or Sunday.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): After Saturday, Aug. 2, this road that leads to Rome will be closed for resurfacing, thus affording the crew of musicians headed by Herman Honigsberg a deserved holiday. ... **CARLTON LOUNGE,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Good and plenty, in both setting and sound, the best of which is Bob Kail's piano, from six to twelve, except Saturdays and Sundays.... **PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): In the manifold Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper, there is piano from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.... **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): In the lower depths of Rockefeller Center, but still in *plein air*, nourishment and music are purveyed every night but Sunday, and even as early as noon. ... **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The *cave* of a vineyard that must be somewhere in Umbria. The voice and guitar that occur from seven until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays, are of the same parentage.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**GORKY, DE KOONING, AND NEWMAN**—Paintings by these influential Americans; through Sept. 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**REGINALD MARSH** (1898-1954)—New York City scenes in oils, watercolors, and other mediums; through Aug. 15. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: A wide assortment of artists, among them Don David, Ernest Briggs, and Martin Hurtig; through Thursday, July 31.... **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff are some of the gallery artists represented in an exhibition of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Thursday, July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Sixteen paintings of the past two decades, from the Guggenheim Museum collection of Latin-American art, by Botero, Tamaya, Cuevas, Soto, Morales, Noé, and other artists well known in New York; through Sept. 14. (Closed mornings.)... **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Jack Beal, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley; through Friday, Aug. 1. (Closed mornings.)... **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes and still-lifes stressing the theme of summertime; through Aug. 15.... **LANDAU-ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Joe Brainard, Carroll Cloar, Jack Squier, and Paul Wonner; through Thursday, July 31.... **LOEB STUDENT CENTER,** Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Puerto Rican art today; starting Monday, Aug. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.)... **ODYSSIA,** 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by de Chirico, Schiele, Pascin, Giacometti, Picasso, Morandi, and other twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 29.... **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by German Expressionists; through Aug. 29. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists (for example, Cavallon, Brandt, Baber, and Boardman) and a few invited ones; through Thursday, July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 4.)... **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 41 E. 57th St.: Gallery painters and sculptors; through Sept. 12.... **WADDELL,** 15 E. 57th St.: Members of the gallery, including, among the Americans, Will Barnet and Howard Kanovitz, and, among the Europeans, Alain Jacquet and Nicolas Schöffer; through Sept. 30.... **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works consisting of reflections in motion, by gallery regulars (LeParc, Piene, Mack, and such) and newcomers; through Thursday, July 31.

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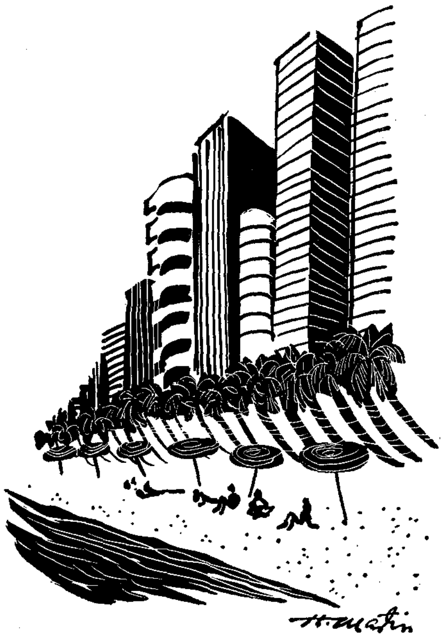
### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**NOTE**—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)... ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)... ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART,** 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, together with nineteenth- and twentieth-century European drawings, all from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. ... ¶ A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer exhibition of sculptures and works on paper, around a hundred and sixty pieces in all, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)



**WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—About two hundred oils, sculptures, and watercolors reviewing American art since the beginning of the twentieth century, chosen from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 28.... ¶ Sixty-one paintings and fourteen drawings by Thomas Cole (1801-48), outstanding figure of the Hudson River School; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred years of prints from portfolios, beginning with Blake's "The Book of Job;" through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Ocean Life offers a gargantuan model of a breaching blue whale, ingeniously affixed to the ceiling at a single impossible point. Around the walls are new dioramas of—ah—ocean life. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM OF DESIGN,** Third Ave. at 7th St.—Fifty-two works by twenty-eight leading contemporary Japanese poster artists, who deal with such themes as politics, tea ceremonies, travel, and sports; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

**GALLERY OF MODERN ART** (now called the New York Cultural Center), 2 Columbus Circle—Fifty-four drawings by Italians, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Sept. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A presentation of sculptures inflated by various means; through Sept. 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY,** 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through Thursday, July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Admission is $1.)

**NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Drawings by George Catlin of early-nineteenth-century North American Indians; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of paintings by artists who have been associated with Harlem in one way or another; through Sept. 7. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

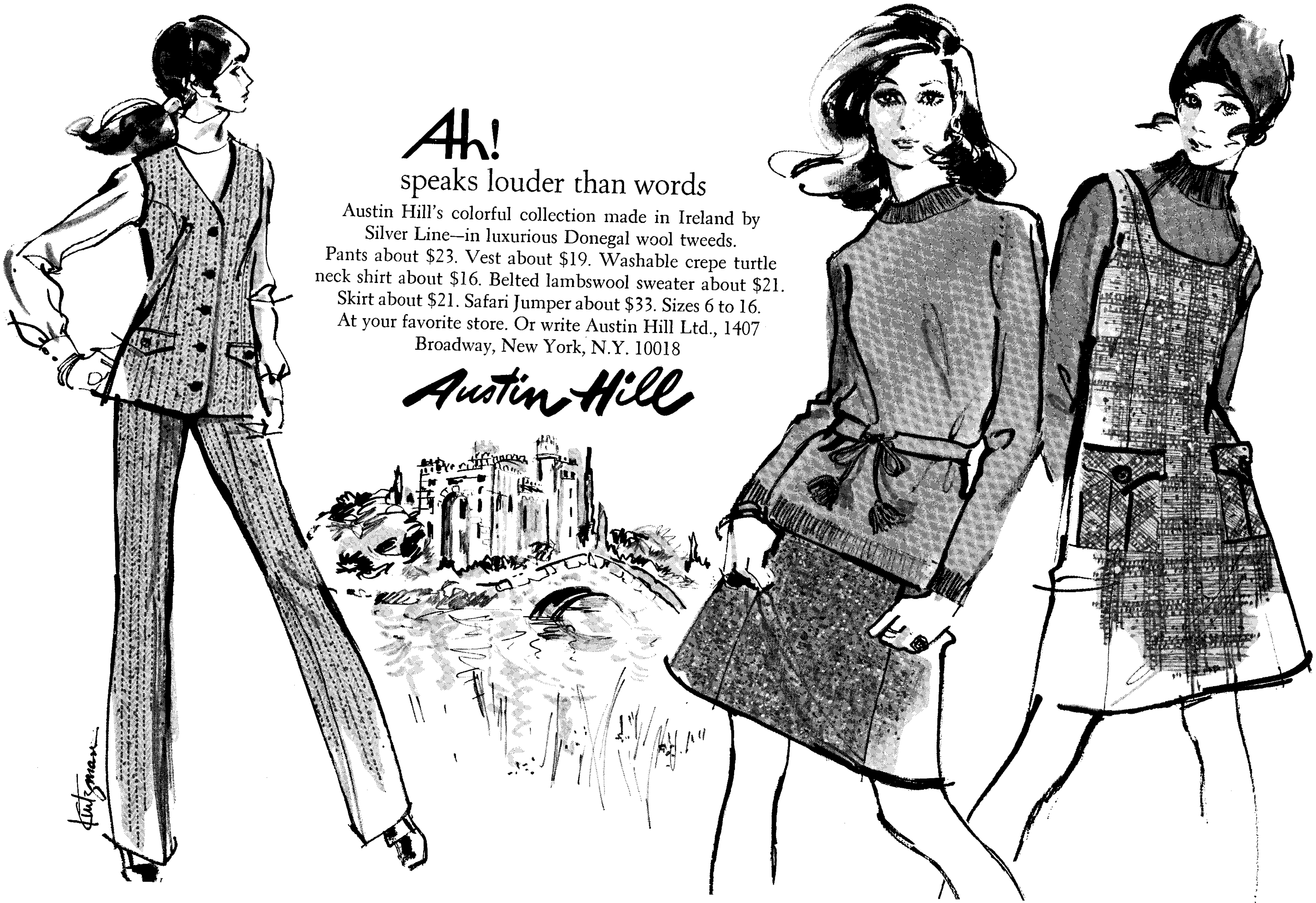
### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**ORPHEUS**—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, July 31, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

**CANNED HEAT, THREE DOG NIGHT, AND SANTANA**—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, at 8 and 11:30.

**CHARLES MCPHERSON'S ALL-STARS**—South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at South and Fulton Sts. Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given on Sunday.

**RHINOCEROS, NICE, AND SPOOKY TOOTH**—Pavilion,



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Flushing Meadow Park. 268-5011. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, at 8:30.

**Steppenwolf, Procol Harum, and NRBQ**—Singer Bowl, Flushing Meadow Park. 268-5011. Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30.

**Pacific Gas & Electric**—Museum of Modern Art. Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30.

**Joan Baez**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Aug. 8, at 8.

**Jefferson Airplane, Joe Cocker & the Grease Band, Christopher Tree's Spontaneous Sound, and Glen McKay's Head Lights**—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, at 8 and 11:30.

**Ted Curson's All-Stars**—South Street Seaport. Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:30.

**Buddy Miles Express, Pacific Gas & Electric, and Santana**—Pavilion, Flushing Meadow Park. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, at 8:30.

## MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

**New York Philharmonic**—Josef Krips conducting Program I (Beethoven, Barber, Schubert), with John Browning, piano. Efrem Kurtz conducting Program II (Rossini, Copland, Prokofieff, Tchaikovsky), with Stanley Drucker, clarinet—**prospect park**, Brooklyn: The first two in a series of three concerts. (Thursday, July 31, at 8:30, Program I; and Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30, Program II.) . . . **botanical garden's daffodil hill**, Bronx: The first of two concerts. (Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30, Program I.) . . . **central park's sheep meadow**: The second in a series of three concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8:30, Program II.) . . . **clove lakes park**, Staten Island: The first of two concerts. (Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 8:30, Program II.) . . . **crocheron park**, Bayside: The first of two concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30, Program II.)

**Central Park Mall**—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays, except July 31, and Sundays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 17. Colonel George S. Howard will share in the conducting on Sunday, Aug. 3.) . . . ¶ Martin Rich conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Zvi Zeitlin, violin. (Thursday, July 31, at 8:30.)

**Wollman Rink**—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 30, at 7 and 9:30: Buddy Rich and his orchestra and Procol Harum. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8 and 10:30: Beach Boys and Lonnie Mack. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8 and 10:30: Mothers of Invention and Buddy Guy. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 4, at 7 and 9:30: Dizzy Gillespie and Carmen McRae. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 7 and 9:30: Little Richard and Checkmates, Ltd. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 8 and 10:30: Tom Paxton and Chicago Transit Authority. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8 and 10:30: Musical World of Herbie Mann. (Through Saturday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

**Damrosch Park**, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in a series of concerts. (Fridays and Thursday, July 31, at 8:30; through Aug. 15.)

## IN THE COUNTRY

**Berkshire Festival**—Friday, Aug. 1, at 7: A concert by the Berkshire Boy Choir, directed by Allan Wicks. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with David Clatworthy, narrator. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8: Pierre Boulez conducting the Boston Symphony, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Sherman Walt, bassoon; and Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 2:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting the Boston Symphony, with Jacqueline du Pré, cello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in a concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund, with Joan Kennedy, narrator. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 7: A concert by the Berkshire Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 9: Karel Ancerl conducting the Boston Symphony in a performance of Smetana's cycle of symphonic poems, "Ma Vlast." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing the Boston Symphony, with Van Cliburn, piano, Women of the Berkshire Chorus, and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2:30: Josef Krips conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 31.)

**Saratoga Performing Arts Center**—Thursday, July 31, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in a program of Russian music, with Gina Bachauer, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Istvan Kertesz conducting the orchestra in a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Istvan Kertesz conducting another varied program, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 3:30: Andre Kostelanetz conducting a program of French music, with Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: O. C. Smith and Buddy Rich and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: The Association and Ten Wheel Drive. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Jacqueline du Pré, cello. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist, with Norman Carol, violin, and Murray Panitz, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 3:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with the Romeros, guitarists. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 759-2734, in New York.)

**Waterloo Village Music Festival**—Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Newell Jenkins conducting the Clarion Orchestra, with Roberta Peters, soprano, and Jan Peerce, tenor. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Eddy Arnold. (Stanhope, N. J. Through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

**Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival**—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Gruppe Motion Berlin and Teresa with her Spanish Dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 5-9: Center Ballet of Buffalo. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

**Connecticut College American Dance Festival**—Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Al Huang and James Cunningham and their companies. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—At **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Houston, Wednesday, July 30, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, at 8:05, and Sunday, Aug. 3, at 2:05. . . . **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. California, Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Oakland, Friday, Aug. 8, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 9, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings involving Bill Skowron, Bobby Richardson, Joe DiMaggio, and other major-league stars of past years).

**Golf**—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 3.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Garden City Country Club, Garden City. Thursday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 3.)

**Horse Show**—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 2.)

**Polo**—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

**Racing**—At **saratoga**: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 23. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 30; the Test, Thursday, July 31; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 2; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 4; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 9. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Aug. 7. The Monmouth Invitational Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 2, and the Sapling, Thursday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . **atlantic city**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, Aug. 8, through Monday, Oct. 13. (Buses to the track will leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 9 and 11:30.)

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**SPORTS-CAR RACING**—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, Aug. 9, at 1, and Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2.

**TENNIS**—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 3.)...¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 4-10.)

**TROTTING**—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)...SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

## ET ALIA

**UNITED NATIONS**—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Eight programs in a series of science-fiction films: July 31 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Voyage to the End of the Universe" (1962); Aug. 1 at 2 and 5:30, "First Men in the Moon" (1964); Aug. 2 at 3 and 5:30, "Rocketship X-M" (1950); Aug. 3 at 2 and 5:30, "The Time Machine" (1960); Aug. 4 at 2 and 5:30, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932); Aug. 5 at 2, "The Invisible Man" (1933); Aug. 5 at 5:30, "Creature with the Atom Brain" (1955); Aug. 7 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "X—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes" (1963)....¶ July 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), in French, with Louis Jouvet....¶ Aug. 2 at 11:30: "Pather Panchali" (1954), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray....¶ Aug. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Las Hurdes" (1932), directed by Luis Buñuel; and "Libre Amerique!" (1943), in French, no English titles; a Nazi propaganda film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

## COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

**BASEBALL**—At YANKEE STADIUM: Aug. 10, Aug. 12-13, Aug. 26-27, Aug. 29-Sept. 2, and Sept. 12-15....SHEA STADIUM: Aug. 15-17, Aug. 19-24, and Sept. 5-11.

**DOG SHOW**—Westchester Kennel Club. (Croton Point Park, Harmon. Sept. 7.)

**HORSE SHOWS**—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Aug. 30-Sept. 1.)...¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Sept. 3-7.)...¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 11-14.)

**HUNT RACING**—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 6 and 13.)

**RACING**—At Belmont: Aug. 25-Oct. 18.

**SPORTS-CAR RACING**—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Sept. 14.

**TENNIS**—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Aug. 11-17.)...¶ National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 16-24.)...¶ National Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Aug. 27-Sept. 7.)

**YACHTING**—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 20-24.)

**OTHER DATES**—Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Aug. 12-17....¶ Holiday on Ice, at Madison Square Garden, Aug. 27-Sept. 14. ...¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Aug. 29-Sept. 14....¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 1....¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept 15.

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NEW YORK

# A Merrill Lynch guide

## For investors who like the profit potentials— but are bewildered by the jargon.

Some experienced investors consider convertibles "the ideal investment."

Merrill Lynch does not hold with this blanket endorsement. But we believe the increasing number of convertible issues—particularly in these times of intense merger activity—makes it important for stockholders to appreciate their potential strengths and weaknesses. Here are some of them:

### Who issues convertible bonds, and why?

As most investors are well aware, corporations raising new cash from the public have essentially two choices: *debt* financing or *equity financing.*

Both have pros and cons—from both the investor's and the issuing corporation's point of view.

Debt financing gives the bondholder more security than common stock of the same company. And, barring default, a steady income is virtually assured.

In periods of high interest rates like the present, bonds obligate the issuer to continuing high interest payments that can take a hefty whack out of earnings.

Equity financing is not all beer and skittles either. Stocks give new investors a share in the ownership and growth of a corporation, but when new common stock is issued the equity of the present shareholder is diluted.

Out of these and other advantages and disadvantages stems the growing popularity of *convertible* bonds. For the investor, they combine some of the sex appeal of stocks with nearly all the security of straight bonds. For corporate managements, raising capital through convertible bonds avoids immediate earnings dilution (but does not avoid the possibility of future dilution).

Moreover, since convertible bonds generally carry an interest coupon notably lower than that of comparable straight bonds, they take much less of a slice out of earnings.

### How about convertible preferreds?

First, let's consider *straight* preferred stocks. In the corporate capital structure, they stand between bonds and common stock. They yield a fixed rate of income that must be paid *before* dividends on common stock, but *after* interest on bonds.

*Convertible* preferreds offer many of the same advantages as convertible bonds. In the past three years, the number of new convertible preferred issues has more than doubled.

### How do convertibles convert?

The magic number in any convertible security, bond or preferred stock is the *conversion ratio—the number of common shares for which* the convertible bonds or preferreds may be exchanged.

Convertible bonds are usually issued in units of $1,000, with conversion ratios of between fifty and ten for one.

Example: the $1,000 convertible bonds of J. C. Penney carry a conversion ratio of 20 for 1.

*For each JCP convertible you own, you are entitled at any time during the conversion period to obtain 20 shares of JCP common.*

Convertible preferreds, of $100 par value, are usually issued with conversion ratios of between five for one and one for one. The convertible preferred shares of Reynolds Metals, for instance, carry a conversion ratio of 2 for 1.

*For each Reynolds Metals preferred share you own, you are entitled at any time during the conversion period to obtain 2 shares of Reynolds Metals common.*

# to convertible securities:

## Four key features of convertible securities

When Merrill Lynch analysts are sizing up convertibles, they ask four basic questions:

**Question One:** Is there a premium over conversion value? How much is it?

This gobbledygook relates to the difference between the cost of the convertible security and the cost of the equivalent number of common shares.

*The smaller the premium, the more likely the convertible securities are to move up and down with the price of the common.*

Suppose Able convertible bonds are selling at $1,200, and that they have a conversion ratio of twenty for one.

Able common is trading at $50, so twenty Able common shares are worth $1,000. Premium on the bonds: $200. Premiums over conversion values are usually expressed as percentages: in this case, 20%. Asking what is a "reasonable" premium is like asking how long is a piece of string—but premiums are valuable for purposes of comparison.

Suppose there is a second company—Baker—which is identical to Able company in every respect but one: the premium on Baker convertible bonds is only $50, or 5%.

The price of Baker convertible bonds will probably follow the price of Baker common like one roller coaster following another. Able convertibles and Able common, however, probably won't follow each other as closely.

**Question Two:** What is the likelihood of a "call"? And what effect will it have on an investor's fortunes?

Virtually all convertible securities are issued with a *call* provision.

Translation: The issuing company has the right to redeem the securities on or after a stated date, in exchange for a stated amount in cash which is usually a few points over par, plus accrued interest or dividends.

When a corporation calls a convertible bond it expects most holders to convert to stock rather than accept cash redemption value. The possibility of call increases as the common stock moves above the conversion price—especially if the bond is selling at or near the value of the shares for which it can be exchanged. Although the bond and stock usually drop in price when there's a call, the investor does not have to sell. He can convert and hope the common stock will rise above the conversion price.

**Question Three:** How *sound* is the issuing corporation?

This is a question investors naturally ask when they're buying straight bonds. Clearly, the ability of the corporation to pay interest at the stated rate, and to redeem its bonds at the stated figure at maturity, is vital.

Oddly enough, many investors sometimes neglect to ask this question when buying *convertibles.*

They concentrate on the conversion prospects, failing to remember that safety of principal and secured income can be equally important to *other* investors—and hence to the market value of the bonds.

**Question Four:** What are the *prospects* for the common?

A catchall question, you say. So it is. But it's just as important to get an answer when you're buying a convertible, as it is when you're buying the common stock itself.

When you buy a convertible security, its appreciation prospects are inexorably linked by the conversion ratio to the price of the common stock into which it's convertible.

If the price of the common rises, the value of your conversion rights goes up. So your convertible security is likely to go up, too. And vice versa.

Estimating how closely the convertible will follow the common is a matter of judgment and experience. Along with the foregoing *basic* questions, it is one of a myriad of factors taken into account by Merrill Lynch analysts when they're sizing up convertible securities.

They have just drawn up a list of about 100 of these securities, including 20 Merrill Lynch considers attractive. If your appetite is whetted, just clip the coupon.

Investigate—then invest.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

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**Ashes and Diamonds** (1959)—Directed by Andrzej Wajda. In Polish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 5-6.)

**Barefoot in the Park** (1967)—Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer in Neil Simon's adaptation of his Broadway comedy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 5.)

**The Big Store** (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 30.)

**The Blood of a Poet** (1934)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 7.)

**The Blue Angel** (1929)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 1-4.)

**Brief Encounter** (1946)—Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

**Children of Paradise** (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty in a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 7.)

**Devi** (1962)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

**The Diary of a Chambermaid** (1965)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jeanne Moreau. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 31-Aug. 6.)

**Dreams** (1960)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Eva Dahlbeck. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

**Easy Rider**—Two motorcycle riders, played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, travel east across America in a frontier-myth run backwards. They start from the west-coast primitivism that is the easy part, and they end up in the sophistication of the civilized South, which punishes them and their boozing middle-aged pickup (a radical Southern lawyer brilliantly played by Jack Nicholson). Dennis Hopper's first piece of direction, terse and rhythmic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

**Elvira Madigan** (1967)—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

**W. C. Fields Shorts** (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

**Funny Girl**—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Goodbye, Columbus**—Philip Roth's novella updated into a film by Larry Peerce and made distinguished and pungent by its observation of a young man—Richard Benjamin—intelligently trying to ward off the complex ploys of Jewish guilt-games. The film is funny, and the caricaturing seems deliberate. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 6.)

**Go West** (1941)—The Marx Brothers again, this time interpreting life on the wild plains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 30.)

**The Graduate** (1967)—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

**La Guerre Est Finie** (1966)—Yves Montand in a sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 7.)

**Hour of the Wolf** (1968)—An Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter and Liv Ullmann his wife. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 6.)

**If . . .**—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 5.)

**The Informer** (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

**Judgment at Nuremberg** (1961)—Four Nazi judges on trial before an American military court. Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, and Maximilian Schell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

**Jules and Jim** (1962)—Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner in François Truffaut's film. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Aug. 7.)

**Kanal** (1961)—Directed by Andrzej Wajda. In Polish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 5-6.)

**The Lady Vanishes** (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through July 31.)

**The Lion in Winter**—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Loves of Isadora**—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**The Magnificent Ambersons** (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through July 31.)

**Midnight Cowboy**—A condescending version of the James Leo Herlihy novel, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman under the heavy thumb of director John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

**Mr. Hulot's Holiday** (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

**Monterey Pop**—Donn Pennebaker's direct-cinema film about a gathering of fifty thousand kids in Monterey, California. A buoyant witness to the freewheeling and communalistic best of the taunted generation, running with a short about cops on holiday in Honolulu, which is the other half of the story. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

**Lola Montès**—This is New York's first public run of Max Ophuls' best and last film. When he made it, in 1955, the backers cut it to ribbons. It is set in a circus, with Peter Ustinov as a ringmaster; Martine Carol as a king's courtesan, now declined into a display object for mobs, and risking her neck as a trapeze artist; and Anton Walbrook as the Bavarian king whom she loved. Ophuls' famous whirling style and his constant sense of cross-play between hyperbole and common reality turn the film into something close to Mozartian opera. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 31-Aug. 6.)

**My Uncle** (1958)—Directed by and with Jacques Tati. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

**Nights of Cabiria** (1957)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina and François Perier. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

**Ninotchka** (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 3.)

**Nothing but a Man** (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

**Oliver!**—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Point of Order!** (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

**Popi**—Alan Arkin, who is worth close attention whatever he does, here plays a Puerto Rican father with three jobs and two sons, whom he tries his best to rescue from the slums of East Harlem by passing them off as orphaned Cuban refugees. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; starting Aug. 6.)

**Pretty Poison** (1968)—A psychological thriller, with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. Directed by Noel Black. (Charles, Ave. B. at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 5.)

**The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie**—Muriel Spark's witty novel has been handled rather conventionally by the director, Ronald Neame, but the material is so good that the movie is engaging anyway. Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on; Robert Stephens plays her lover, Celia Johnson her adversary. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 5.)

**Putney Swope**—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. Swope's way of revolutionizing the social system is to throw the existing mess only a little further out of kilter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

**Romeo and Juliet**—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

**Rules of the Game** (1939)—Jean Renoir's classic, with Marcel Dalio. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 1-4.)

**The Seventh Seal** (1956)—Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Aug. 7.)

**Shakespeare Wallah** (1965)—A tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 31-Aug. 6.)

**La Strada** (1956)—The fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

**Ten Days That Shook the World** (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 30.)

**The Two of Us** (1967)—An account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation in France. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

**2001: A Space Odyssey** (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

**The Wild Bunch**—Sam Peckinpah's very good, terse Western, set in 1913, with Robert Ryan, who is quietly one of the natural classic actors in the country. William Holden and Ernest Borgnine play members of the wild bunch—gunslingers of the Old West in a New West where the gleanings are thinner and the personal heroics changed. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Aug. 5.)

**Winning**—The private life of a driver in the Indianapolis "500," with Paul Newman as the driver, and Joanne Woodward as his wife. Two fine actors, a thin script, and a very good presentation of the race itself. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

**The World of Apu** (1959)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

## EAST SIDE

**Astor Place**, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. (AL 4-4060)
Through July 31: "Sweethearts" (1938), Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; and "The Chocolate Soldier" (1941), Risë Stevens, Nelson Eddy.
Aug. 1-3: "Girl of the Golden West" (1938), Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; and "Annie Get Your Gun" (1950), Betty Hutton.
Aug. 4-6: "The Student Prince" (1954), Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "The Firefly" (1937), Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones.
From Aug. 7: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954), Jane Powell, Howard Keel; and "Brigadoon" (1954), Gene Kelly, Van Johnson.

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"What Ever Happened to Aunt Alice?," Geraldine Page, Ruth Gordon.

**Evergreen**, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Salesman," a documentary film.

**Charles**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 5: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**; and **PRETTY POISON**.
From Aug. 6: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish); and "2" (in Danish).

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 5: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**; and **PRETTY POISON**.
From Aug. 6: **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS**.

**Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
**MONTEREY POP**.

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Gay Deceivers," Kevin Coughlin, Larry Casey.

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
**POPI**.

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**THE LOVES OF ISADORA**.

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 5: **THE WILD BUNCH**.
From Aug. 6: "The Learning Tree," Kyle Johnson.

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Aug. 3: "3 Into 2 Won't Go," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.
From Aug. 4: "More," Mimsy Farmer.

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Aug. 5: "Run Wild, Run Free," John Mills, Sylvia Syms.
From Aug. 6: "Justine," Anouk Aimée, Dirk Bogarde.

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**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
**MIDNIGHT COWBOY**.

**Pacific East**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

**Avco Embassy East**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
**THE GRADUATE**.

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
**PUTNEY SWOPE**.

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
**EASY RIDER**.

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 8th. (RE 4-0302)
"Ring of Bright Water," Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

**Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
**GOODBYE, COLUMBUS**.

**72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Marry Me! Marry Me!" (in French), Claude Berri.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
**WINNING**.

**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Castle Keep," Burt Lancaster, Patrick O'Neal.

**Loew's Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
**POPI**.

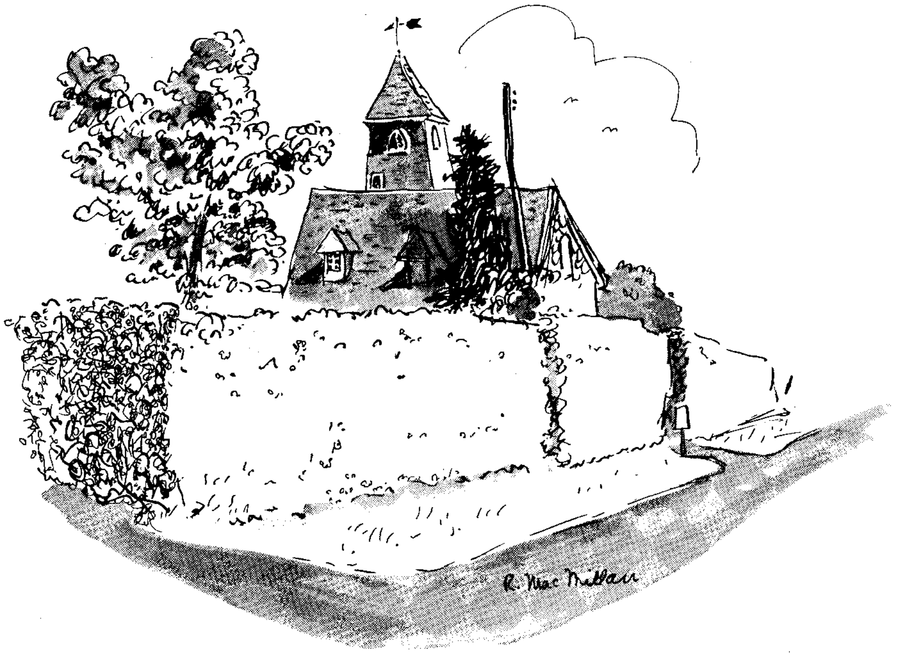
## WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
July 30: **THE BIG STORE**; and **GO WEST**.
July 31-Aug. 6: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH**; and "The Firemen's Ball" (1968), a Czechoslovakian film.
From Aug. 7: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** and **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (both in French).

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 5: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**.
From Aug. 6: **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS**.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 5: "The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.
From Aug. 6: **POPI**.

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
**LA STRADA** (in Italian).



**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
**ROMEO AND JULIET**.

**Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through July 31: **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**; and **THE LADY VANISHES**.
Aug. 1-4: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German); and **RULES OF THE GAME** (in French).
Aug. 5-6: **ASHES AND DIAMONDS** and **KANAL** (both in Polish).
From Aug. 7: **JULES AND JIM** (in French); and **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish).

**R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 5: "What Ever Happened to Aunt Alice?," Geraldine Page, Ruth Gordon.
From Aug. 6: "Stiletto," Alex Cord, Britt Ekland.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**FUNNY GIRL**.

**State I**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
**OLIVER!**

**Cinerama**, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Aug. 4: "Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Monday through Friday at 2:30, and Saturday and Sunday at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)
Aug. 5: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 6: "Justine," Anouk Aimée, Dirk Bogarde.

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
**2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY**.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"La Chamade" (in French), Catherine Deneuve.

**Cinema 57 Rendezvous**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
**W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**; and "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.

**Lincoln Art**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
**THE LION IN WINTER**.

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
**ROMEO AND JULIET**.

**Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Aug. 5: "The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.
From Aug. 6: **POPI**.

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 30: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent).
July 31-Aug. 6: **LOLA MONTÈS** and **THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID** (both in French).
From Aug. 7: **THE BLOOD OF A POET** (in French); and "Freaks" (1932), Olga Baclanova.

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 5: **IF . . .**; and **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK**.
From Aug. 6: "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes; and "Inspector Clouseau" (1968), Alan Arkin.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 30: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **POINT OF ORDER!**
July 31: **THE WORLD OF APU** and **DEVI** (both in Bengali).
Aug. 1: **THE INFORMER**; and **BRIEF ENCOUNTER**.
Aug. 2: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish); and **THE TWO OF US** (in French).
Aug. 3: **NINOTCHKA**; and "Anna Christie" (1930), Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford.
Aug. 4: **MY UNCLE** and **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (both in French).
Aug. 5: **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (in Italian); and **DREAMS** (in Swedish).
Aug. 6: "The Bridge" (1961; in German); and "Look Back in Anger" (1959), Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
Aug. 7: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG**.

**Midtown**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
**ROMEO AND JULIET**.

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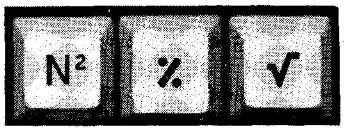

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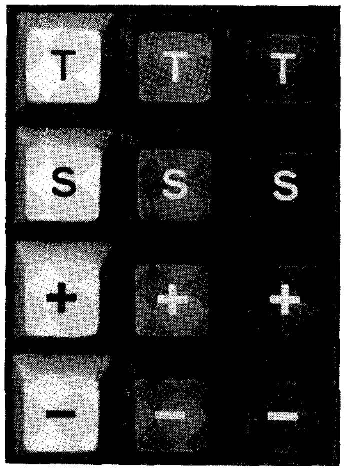

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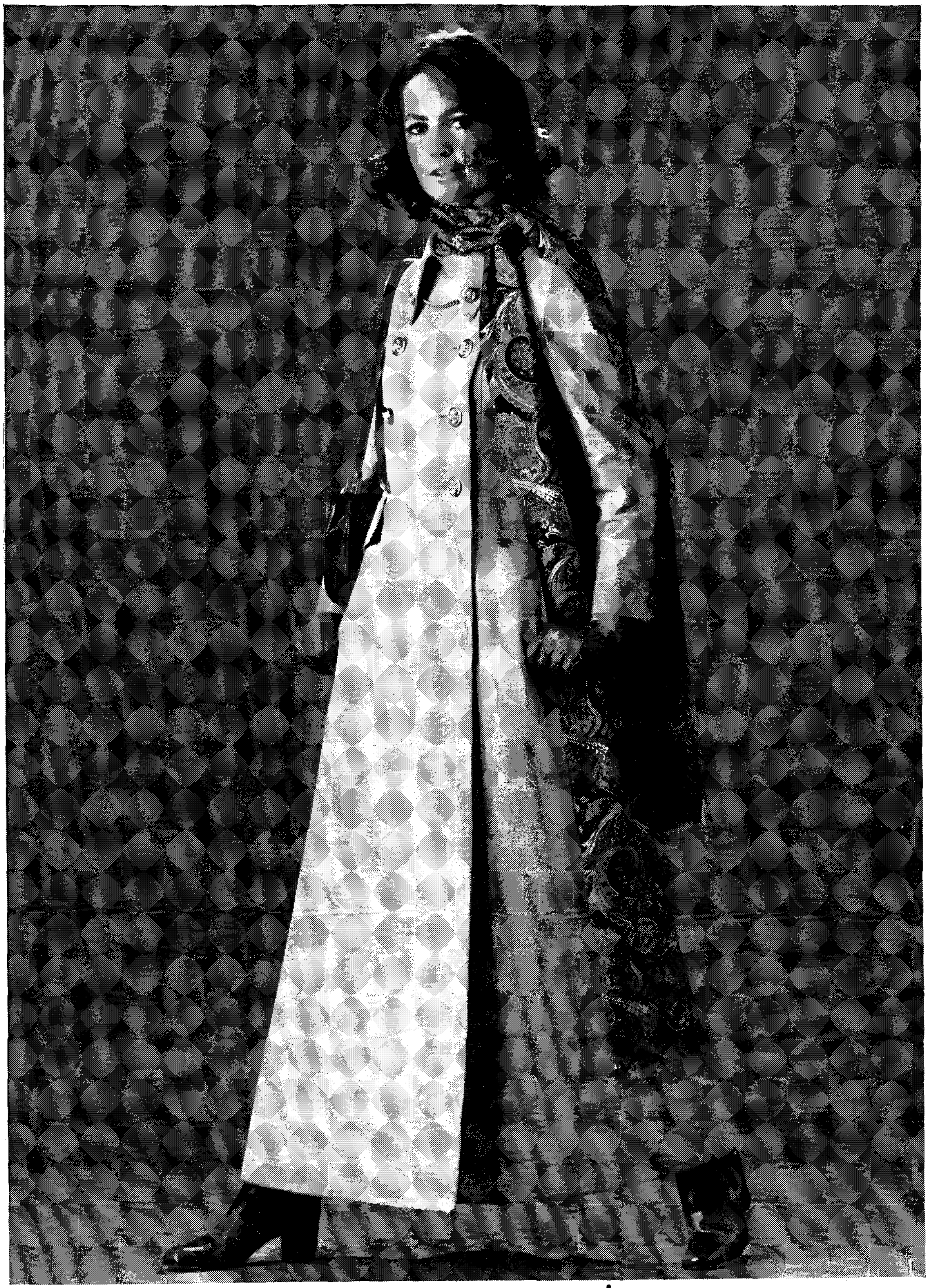


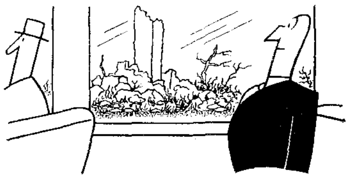
B Altman & Co

THE
NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

A FRIEND who had occasion to travel out to Amagansett by train the other weekend has sent us the following observation: "Everybody knows that the Long Island countryside has long since vanished in an ebullience of subdivisions, bumper-to-bumper parkways, and shopping centers complete with boutiques and gourmet shops. The fact is, though, it isn't true. Or, rather, I've discovered it's only partly true. There is a Long Island other than the Long Island of the automobile. This is the Long Island that one sees from the train, and it is a very different place. It is a land of emptiness and desolation—a block-long greenhouse with every window broken, a roofless barn in a thicket of scrub pine and bittersweet, a potato field overgrown with cedars, the rubble remains and rearing chimney of a burned-down house, an apple orchard choked with weeds and brush and fallen trees, a stripped and abandoned car in a clearing, a boarded-up filling station on a potholed road with a faded sign on the door saying 'Under New Management.' It is like a memory of the thirties."



## *Fan*

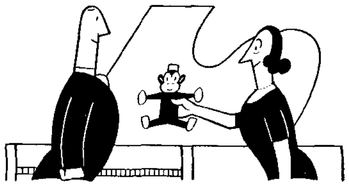
FOR thirteen and a half years, Mrs. Therese J. Brandes has given all the time that she could spare, and a good deal that she couldn't, to preserving the memory of James Dean, the young actor who was killed in an automobile crash in 1955. As founder and president of the James Dean Memory Club, she has opened her home, an apartment on West Fifty-seventh Street, to strangers who wanted to drop by and talk about Dean, has seen to it that flowers were placed on his grave on the anniversaries of his birth and his death, has run annual notices in the *News'* "In Memoriam" column, has collected money in his name for various charities, has lobbied for more frequent showings of his movies on television, and has carried on a laborious ballpoint correspondence with Dean fans all over the nation. We had noticed some of her efforts over the years, and the other day we visited Mrs. Brandes in her apartment to see how she was holding up under the strain of all this devotion.

Expecting to meet a woman in her early or middle thirties, we were greeted by a widow of fifty-seven—a small, cheerful, talkative woman whose dark hair was lightly streaked with gray. She led us into her living room, pointed out seven photographs of Dean on walls and tables, and said emphatically, "If you're thinking that James Dean is forgotten, you're absolutely wrong. He's not. Sometimes on television these days there'll be a band—today's new type of band—and they'll have a big poster of James Dean, and they're playing this modern music. The young people know about James Dean. And then another time somebody will be talking—like a discussion program, discussing a movie—and the name of James Dean comes up. So James Dean is not forgotten. And with me and the other members of the club he'll never be forgotten, because we're always talking about him. I always tell people that James Dean will be alive until I die."

Mrs. Brandes crossed the room to a table on which, in anticipation of our visit, she had assembled some evidence that Dean still lives in the hearts of his fans and is gaining new fans. She called our attention to a small slick-paper magazine published by a fan club in England, which contained poetry about Dean, quotations from Dean, lists of books about Dean, and the names of several dozen people who wanted to find James Dean pen pals. The would-be pen pals were mostly teen-agers, in the United States, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, England, Ireland, Scotland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Turkey, Russia, Korea, Japan, Singapore, and Malta. After we had studied the magazine for a few moments, Mrs. Brandes showed us some clippings from the *News* about her club's annual donations to Sally Joy Brown's Christmas Toy Chest, and a selection of James Dean Christmas cards of her own design. One of the cards bore a photograph of Mrs. Brandes, who was shown standing in front of an arrangement of James Dean photographs and holding in one hand an American flag and in the other a toy monkey.

We asked if the monkey had any significance in Dean lore.

She said yes—that the monkey (or, rather, one just like it) had appeared with Dean in "Rebel Without a Cause," his second film. "At the beginning of 'Rebel,' Jimmy was found by the police lying in the street—he was supposed to be drunk—and he had this monkey in his arms," Mrs. Brandes explained. "So that's why we've got the monkey. They were selling these monkeys several years ago, and everyone who's an avid fan of James Dean has one." She fetched her toy monkey, which had been perched on top of her piano. Its arms were outstretched, and it had tiny cymbals in its hands, a slight smile on its face, and a red cap on its head. It looked ready to perform. She wound it up and put it on the floor, but it didn't do anything. "Well, he's supposed to clap,



*"Wouldn't it be nice if some large group came out for the status quo?"*

but I guess he doesn't work anymore," Mrs. Brandes said. "I guess he's got too old. He's twelve or thirteen."

We turned back to the table display and noticed several stacks of letters.

"Oh, my mail," Mrs. Brandes said, wearily. "That's all unanswered, and that's only a small part of it. I'm getting mail all the time, from everywhere. I think I'm two or three years behind. Look at this." She opened two closet doors, revealing what must have been several hundred letters piled on shelves. "James Dean is driving me out of my house," she said.

We asked why all these fans wrote to her and what they had to say.

"Well, you know, at first the club was just twenty or thirty people from the New York area who would come to my house and talk about Jimmy," Mrs. Brandes said. "But then my name got into one of the fan magazines, and I started getting this mail—from people who wanted to join the club, who wanted to know where they could get pictures of Jimmy, who just wanted to write to someone who felt the same way they did about Jimmy."

She extracted a letter from a stack that she had labelled "New Fans—Answer Soon." The letter, which was from a young man in California, read, in part, "To me, James Dean was the coolest actor ever—now, or in the past. . . . My ex-wife was also an avid fan of his. In fact, if we had stayed married, we would have named our first son after him. . . . I would like information about all photos, portraits, pamphlets, books, etc., about James Dean."

Mrs. Brandes said that eventually the patient young man would get his answer, as would Phyllis, also in California, and Betty, in Indiana, and all the rest. She said that she had been ill and hadn't been able to hold the regular club meetings or to keep up her old letter-writing clip of about twenty replies a day. However, she said, the rest of the club's work was going forward—the "In Memoriam" items still running in the *News* every year, and flowers being laid twice a year on Dean's grave, in Fairmount, Indiana. The latter chore is handled for the club by Dean's uncle, Marcus Winslow, Sr., who takes photographs of the flowers after they are in place, so that the members of the club can see what their contributions have bought.

We asked Mrs. Brandes how she had happened to organize the Memory Club. She said that after Dean's death she had been distraught for some time and had sought consolation in seeing his movies as often as possible and in searching magazine racks for articles about him. At the movies and in magazine-and-newspaper shops, she met other Dean fans, and she began inviting them to her home to talk about Dean; these casual get-togethers eventually became formal weekly meetings, and before she knew it she had a club on her hands. Many of the members were middle-aged, but there was a sprinkling of teen-agers and elderly people, she said.

We asked Mrs. Brandes what had attracted her, and the other fans, so strongly to Dean.

"When I saw his first movie, 'East of Eden,' I was impressed with how helpless he looked," she told us. "He looked like a boy that there was something beautifully sweet about him. And that crying scene that he did! When he got the money for his father, and he said, 'Father, this is your gift for your birthday, this is the money you lost in the lettuce business,' he was so natural, so real. And he cried like a baby, and he made me cry so much I couldn't stop. There was just something different about Jimmy. This might explain it. Somebody interviewed him one time and told him, 'What makes you such a great actor?' And Jimmy says, 'Well, I live the part.' That's what he did. He wasn't acting, he was real. He had little movements, little facial expressions, he did little things with his hands, that on another actor it wouldn't look right on him. They say Brando is natural. He is, but there are certain scenes about Brando that you know the camera is focussing on him. But with Jimmy, he'd walk around as if nothing was in front of him. Now, the young people loved him as a boyfriend. The older people, like me, loved him as a son. And we all loved that beautiful face of his. There was something about that face that you can't hate him. That's the kind of a face that boy had—that was photogenic no matter which side he looked in a camera. When you saw him in color, it would just light up the screen."

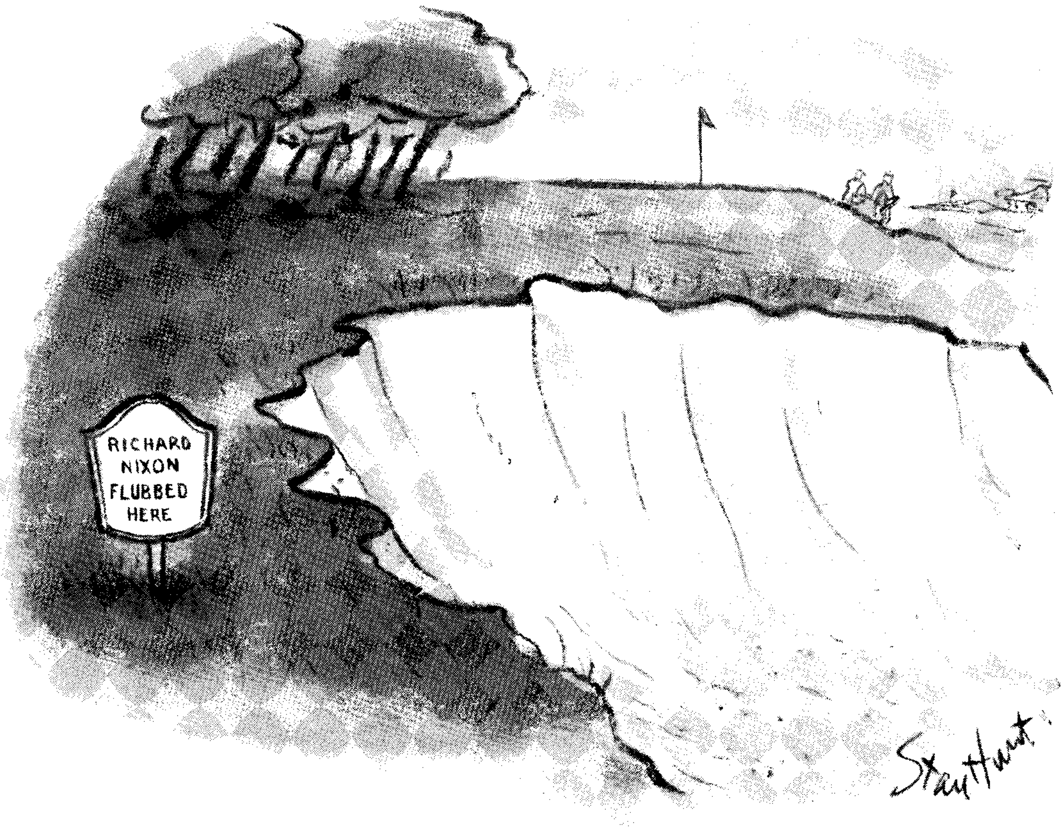
•

OVERHEARD on the Madison Avenue bus, one miniskirt to another: "Talk about affectation! She uses nothing—no liner, no lashes, no pancake, no lipstick!"

## *Vacs*

SOME impressive pieces of equipment have come into use right here on earth recently, among them a variety of outsize vacuum cleaners that can suck up debris like bottles, cans, nuts, bolts, milk cartons, paper plates, sawdust, metal shavings, rocks, sand, leaves, and water at velocities of around a hundred miles an hour. These omnivores—they are referred to by trade names such as Litter Vac, Giant-Vac, Scavenger, Roamer, and Billy Goat, or else simply as vacs—tend to be shaped approximately like upright home vacuum cleaners, but they are considerably larger and more powerful. Most are meant to be pushed, but some are self-propelled, and their motors run on gasoline, propane, batteries, or house current. Their manufacturers extol their ability to save time and money, and since the introduction of the machines, about ten years ago, approximately half a million have been sold, at prices ranging from under two hundred dollars to over six hundred. They are being produced in greater numbers each year, and when we looked into the subject we learned that about fifty companies are making this kind of implement, with Giant-Vac Manufacturing, of South Windham, Connecticut, turning out about half the total. Hundreds of models exist, and a plethora of accessories are available, including bag-support trailers, sulkies, anti-twine impellers, oxycatalyst mufflers, magnetic bars, wind aprons, Lumite bags, water-pickup kits, and something called a Flip Top Nose Cone (space terminology, it seems, is never far from the minds of industrialists). Within the industry, these machines are considered part of a much more comprehensive line of cleaning equipment, which ranges all the way from hand-held devices to large trucks, but the medium-sized upright vacs are distinct enough to form a species of their own. They are recommended for use in areas like stadiums, plazas, shopping centers, parking lots, service stations, warehouses, golf courses, motels, and race tracks, and they are becoming nearly ubiquitous. The City of Los Angeles recently bought five hundred and thirty-three Vac-35s from the Parker Sweeper Company, of Springfield, Ohio, for its public schools. Houston's Astrodome is kept clean by a combination of Vac-35s and Roamers, which are made by the Advance Floor Machine Company, of Spring Park, Minnesota. By next year, a chain of drive-in restaurants in the Midwest known as Arby's Roast Beef will be cleaning their grounds with four hundred Litter Vacs, manufactured by Clarke Floor Machines, of Muskegon, Michigan. New York City has just bought fifty Model 670 Giant-Vacs for use around housing projects. Such plenitude may foreshadow an eclipse for brooms.

One morning last week, we walked over to the United Nations, where five gasoline-powered Giant-Vacs are used for cleaning the grounds. On a path not far from the entrance to the General Assembly Building, we encountered a man in a gray work uniform who was pushing a Giant-Vac along the path's border. His machine was about ten feet long and had a wide triangular snout. Its bag (we learned later that the bag can hold eighty pounds of litter) was puffed up like a large gray blowfish, and a fine cloud of dust whirled around the machine's maw. Talking over the noise of the motor—a sound similar to that of an outboard engine—the man in gray introduced himself as Santo Puco, an employee of the Allied Maintenance Corporation, which takes care of the U.N.'s buildings and grounds. "I clean the north half of the grounds once a day," he said as his machine sucked up an Ace comb case. "That's from Forty-fifth to Forty-eighth. I do the roadway out there—the part that belongs to the U.N.—and the sidewalk, and all these paths, and the plaza, too. It takes me—oh, maybe four hours to do the whole thing, but I don't do it all at once. I do it in bits and



pieces. Another man does the south half. Right now, it's not very dirty, but this is summer and there will be more and more trash. More and more people, more and more trash."

We asked Mr. Puco whether vacs are used on the U.N.'s lawns.

"The gardeners use them," he said. "That's a different crew. I work for Allied. The gardeners work for the United Nations. Hey, John!" He waved to a man in a tan uniform, who started walking toward us. "This is John Conti, one of the gardeners," Mr. Puco said when the man had reached us. "He uses vacs on the lawns."

"No, we don't," said Mr. Conti.

"I thought you did," said Mr. Puco.

"Oh, we *did*," said Mr. Conti. "Only, we're not using them now. Yeah, last fall we used them. After we cut the lawn, we went around with one of those vacs and vacuumed up the trimmings. The bag doesn't hold enough, so we took it off and made a big hose out of some fabric, some canvas, and— You see that trailer over there? We hitched the trailer onto the back of the vac, and we built a kind of tent on the trailer. Then we fed the hose into the trailer and pumped all the cut grass into the trailer. When people saw that, they laughed at us, but it worked. Of course, you can buy large equipment like that, but we just improvised. Anyway, it's hard for us to get new equipment."

"It's harder to get it from Allied," said Mr. Puco.

"No, it's harder to get it from the U.N.," said Mr. Conti.

"Red tape," said Mr. Puco.

"Anyway, the machines are fine," said Mr. Conti.

We thanked them and started toward First Avenue. Mr. Conti headed in the direction of some men who were raking a flower bed, and Mr. Puco continued down a path with his Giant-Vac. As we left, we saw the vac approach a dented Fresca can, ingest it, and rumble on to a windblown copy of that morning's *Times*.

## *Market Letter*

WE solemnly swear that the following will be the only camp communication to be reprinted in these pages this aestival season. It is the work of a twelve-year-old lad who is rusticating in New Hampshire:

Dear Dad:

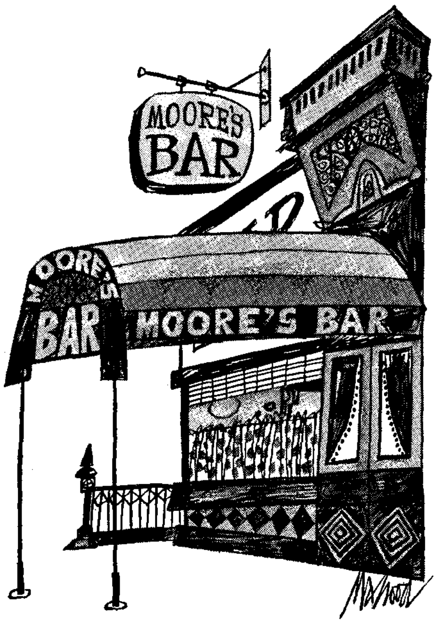
Got your letter. My Anadite stock is in the Over the Counter Exchange. Your Cavitron stock went down ⅜. My Graphic Sciences, Possis Machine Corp, Prevor Mayrsohn Intl, Process Plants in the Over the Counter Exchange went up (G.S up 2) (P.M. Corp up 1) (P.M. same) (P.P. up 1). I made $180.00 dollars.

In the track finals I came in first in the high jump and shot put. This afternoon I have a swim meet.

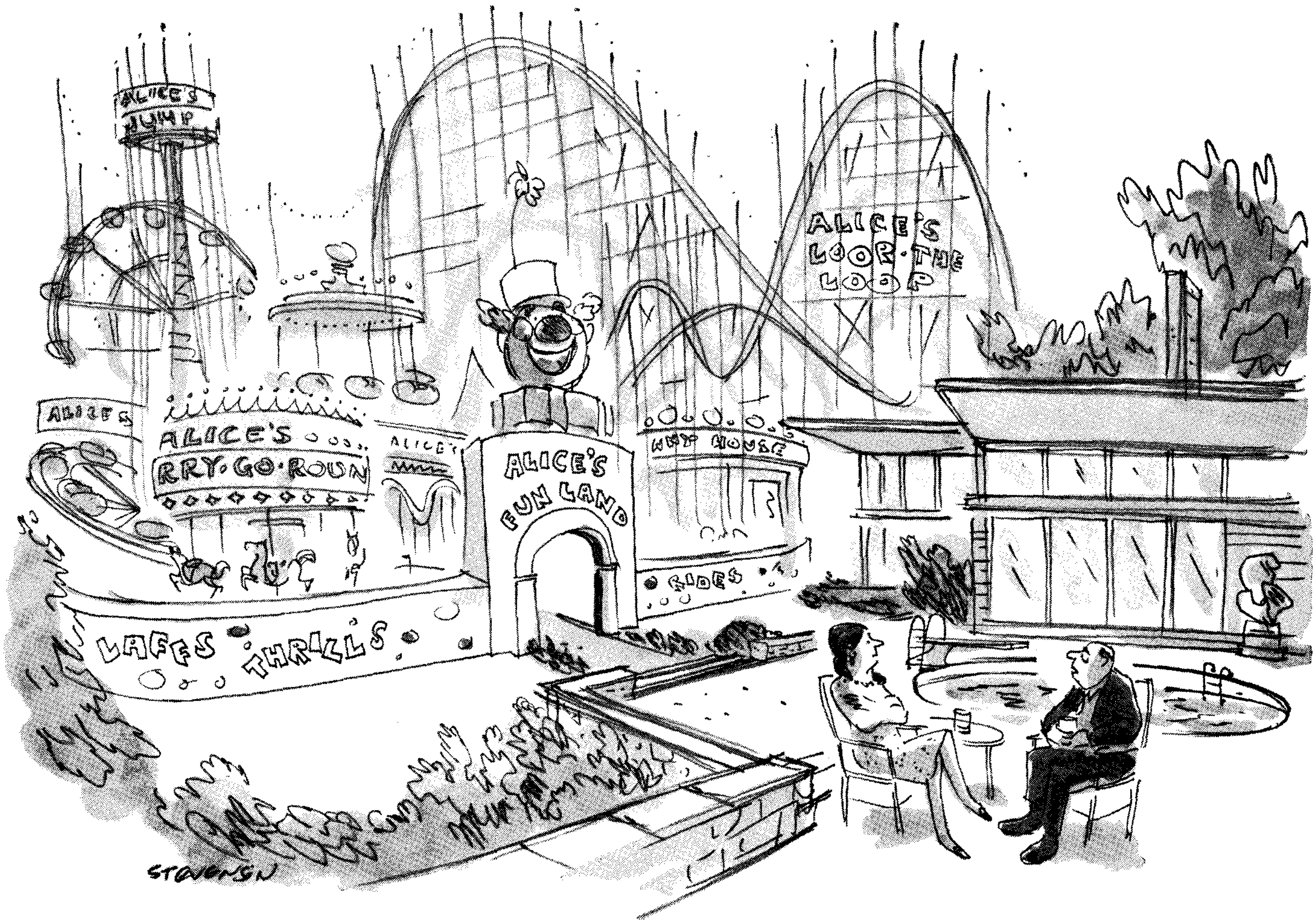
Love,
Ricky

## *New Day*

ONE hot morning in July, the Honorable James Charles Evers was sworn in as Mayor of the town of Fayette, Mississippi. Fayette is the seat of Jefferson County, and it has a population of about seventeen hundred. The county itself has a population of about ten thousand. Three-quarters of the townspeople of Fayette are black, and around four-fifths of the citizens of the county are black. The town is built along two roads—Main Street, which runs north and south, roughly speaking, and Poindexter Street, which, running east to west, meets Main Street at a right angle and terminates there. The junction of the two streets is the center of the town, and near the junction there are a few tall, old brick commercial buildings, several lower, more modern commercial buildings, including the Medgar Evers Shopping Center, and a couple of filling stations. One of the older buildings is the L. H. Freeman Department Store, founded in the eighteen-nineties, which sells clothing and candy bars. At the head of Poindexter Street stands the County Courthouse, an old building and a brick one, whose lobby shelters a Coke machine and a W.P.A. forestry display. Across from the Courthouse is the Confederate Memorial Park, which until recently could be used only by white people. The park formerly had a single monument—a statue of a Confederate soldier leaning on his rifle, which was erected in 1904. A few weeks ago, a second monument was dedicated—a modest-sized white stone cenotaph in memory of Medgar Evers, the Mayor's brother, a black man who was killed by white people. The cenotaph has an inscription taken from the writings of Mzee Jomo Kenyatta, the President of Kenya, which reads, "One of the great affronts to human dignity, which I have always opposed, is that of racialism." The Town Hall, a small and recently built brick building, is on the same side of Poindexter Street as the Courthouse. Fayette is a pretty town, and it is set in pretty country. The streets are shaded by fine old trees—elms, pecans, magnolias, and beeches. Many of the houses have flower gardens. The countryside around the town is divided between woodland and farmland. There are signs along the highway that say "Be Courteous." Not far from the town is a roadside store with a sign out front that says "If You Can't Stop, Smile As You Go By." There is no industry in Fayette except farming, and farming no longer pays very well. Nearly all the farmers have stopped planting much cotton. The last cotton gin in Fayette burned down three years ago. Most of the blacks and many of the whites in the town are unemployed. Mayor Evers, who was elected last spring by a vote of 531 to 229, wants to bring industry into the area, so that both blacks and whites can work. During his campaign, he said in his speeches, "Don't vote for the black man or the white man. Vote for the best man." He is the first black man to become Mayor of Fayette since the Reconstruction period.



The inaugural festivities began with a parade up Main Street to the Town Hall. The parade formed on the edge of town, down past the Medgar Evers Shopping Center, at about ten-thirty in the morning. First came a patrol car, with two black policemen inside. There followed a troop of black Boy Scouts with American flags, another troop of black Boy Scouts, and a green Chevy truck carrying a band that included a tuba, two saxophones, and a number of African drums. Mayor-elect Evers marched behind the truck, surrounded by friends from Fayette, and from New York and Washington. Ramsey Clark, the former Attorney General, marched beside a young man who identified himself as one of the first



*"Heaven knows, Alice, I've tried to make you happy."*

• •

Negro graduates of the law school at Ole Miss. Mr. Clark asked him how many blacks were now graduates of the law school. "Seven," the young man told him. "And there are eighteen black students in a student body of three hundred." Mrs. Herman Badillo, the wife of the Borough President of the Bronx, marched with her husband; she carried an orange umbrella to keep off the sun. Mrs. Robert Goodman, whose son Andrew was killed in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, marched with Paul O'Dwyer. Mrs. Marian Logan, a friend of ours, marched beside a friend of hers, Percy Sutton, the Borough President of Manhattan. "Percy, you're s'posed to walk out with a purpose now," Mrs. Logan said. "It's a time for celebration, after all the weeping and wailing and keeping in jailing." And Sol Jackson, a black man from Fayette who had been elected to the town's Election Commission, together with five other Negroes, strode along between two small grandsons, who had come all the way from Los Angeles to witness the event. "It's history, ain't it?" Mr. Jackson said to his grandsons. "The ice is broke now. You know, a while ago, not so long ago, it was the Irish against the Scottish and the Scottish against the English and the English against the Irish. But it's a new day now. You're going to see your granddaddy sworn in today." The rest of the parade, behind the Mayor-elect and his friends, was a line of cars and floats. One of the floats had a pair of scales on it. The two pans were labelled "JUSTICE" and "EQUALITY," and in the center, on top of the scales, were the words "FOR ALL."

The parade moved slowly, and the day moved slowly, because it was very hot—around a hundred and two degrees—and very sunny. There were crowds on Main Street, all black, and everyone in his Sunday best. Many of the women fanned themselves with small cardboard fans, each of which bore the likenesses of John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, and Martin Luther King, Jr. After the parade ended, in a lot behind the Town Hall, where the inauguration was to take place, there was a long wait before the ceremonies got under way. The crowd behind the Town Hall was mostly black, too, but there were some whites in it. A local man told us later in the day that he thought there were about thirty-five white people from Fayette there. During the wait, the platform on which the ceremonies were to be held collapsed, because there were too many dignitaries on it. Finally, the inauguration began. The master of ceremonies was Dr. Aaron Henry, a pharmacist, who is head of the N.A.A.C.P. in the State of Mississippi, and he said, "This is some Black Power!" The crowd laughed, and he then introduced the Reverend William Morrisey, S.S.J., chaplain of the Adams County N.A.A.C.P., who was to give the invocation. "I invite you to give a three-line invocation," said Dr. Henry. Father Morrisey prayed, "Holy Father, today we stand before You facing a new era. We are through wandering through the desert, Lord." Then Leontyne Price sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Then Justice of the Peace Willie Thompson swore in the new aldermen—five of them, all black—and the new members of the Election Commission. And then he

"*The moon is a step in the right direction, at least.*"

swore in Mayor Evers. There was a big cheer and heavy applause.

The new Mayor stepped forward to deliver his inaugural address, and the crowd, which had been murmuring quietly, settled down. Mayor Evers said, "To those who have walked with me, and to those who have gone to jail with me, all of you who have helped make this day possible, I say thank you, first of all. And to my dear friend, who was born in a shack in Laurel, Mississippi, and who flew down from New York to be here, I say, Leontyne, we are most honored, most humble. I'm not going to say much. I hope white people and black people, particularly in Mississippi, understand that we've only done the thing that God wanted us to do—to take part in our government and make it work for everybody. Let's join hands this day and bury all hates and evils. Let's go forward and make this county and Mississippi a clean and righteous place. I want to say to my wife and to my daughters and to my future sons-in-law, you'll never regret what your pa and husband has done. I also want to thank all the local whites who had the courage to come out today. Had you been the kind of white people we thought you were, the platform wouldn't have fallen accidentally, it would have been torn down last night. God is changing things. There will be no more guns on the streets of Fayette, and I say this not just for the black people but for our poor white friends, who are scared, too. I can guarantee you there will be no more hate tolerated in this town. There will be no more clowning, cursing, and disrespecting people in the streets. If you do, you are going to pay, because I will do my job. I want you to go home and think that Charles Evers is no different from anyone else. In closing—and I'm through this time—tomorrow morning at eight o'clock I would like to see all city employees and aldermen right here in this office." And he pointed to the Town Hall, behind him.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, there was a buffet luncheon in the Confederate Memorial Park and a barbecue at the Medgar Evers Shopping Center. We had some fried chicken in the park—it was excellent—and washed it down with some iced grape punch with canned fruit in it. Then we walked around the town, and stopped in at the L. H. Freeman Department Store. Freeman's is run these days by a young white man named Hobbes Freeman, who inherited the store a few years ago from his great-uncle. Mr. Freeman's father used to be a town marshal, and has just retired. All the whites on the town payroll except the Fire Commissioner have resigned, but Hobbes' mother says that her husband's decision to leave was not political. A white woman in the store asked us if we had had any lunch. "We heard that the colored people were planning a picnic," she said, "but so many people have been coming in here for candy bars that we wondered if they ever got around to it. Can I offer you some?" There are two traditions of hospitality in the South, white hospitality and black hospitality, but they have nothing to do with each other, except that black people cook most of the food that white people offer their friends. Hobbes Freeman was one of the local whites who attended the inauguration. He said that he wished the Mayor well. "It doesn't matter who the mayor is—whether it's you or me or Mr. Evers," he told us. "Once a man has been elected, he deserves the respect of the citizens."

Later on, we walked farther down Main Street and bought a peach-ice-cream cone from the Reverend Kermit C. Grammer, a white man who works for the gas company, is an ordained Baptist minister, and runs an ice-cream stand next door to one of the filling stations. The two of us got to talking. "My name's Grammer," Mr. Grammer said. "Just plain old English, 'cept with an 'e.' Some of the white folks in this town are talking about moving out of it now, but I expect that most of them realize Mr. Evers may be able to do for this town what we haven't been able to do ourselves. We need industry in this town real bad. We're near two highways and a river, and we're on the railroad, so it ought to be an excellent place for industry to locate. But it hasn't come. Maybe the new Mayor, with his national connections, can persuade some big firms to move in down here. If he can, you won't find too many whites criticizing him. I wouldn't be surprised if some of them even voted for him."

# MAY YOU LIVE IN INTERESTING TIMES

DURING the Ssu Wu period of the Ch'ing Dynasty there lived in a certain district a man named Wang, a seventh son of good family. Being much dismayed, he sold his chickens and travelled to Shui Ta Province, where, after much pleading and bribery, he obtained an audience with Master Jen Hsing, the noted sage and sorcerer. Prostrating himself before this worthy, who eyed him over a cup of tea with startled distaste, Wang spoke in a piteous manner, saying, "Teach me to live a carefree life of uninterrupted happiness. I'd really appreciate it."

A servant cleared away the pieces of the dropped cup and brought fresh tea. Master Jen stared into it and said nothing.

"I'll tell you why I ask," Wang said. "There's a lot of unpleasant chaos and turmoil going around lately. I know it will all work out for the best in the long run, but until it does—"

"Uninterrupted happiness would be a nice way to pass the time?" asked Master Jen.

"I hadn't thought of it that way, but now that you mention it—"

"Are you sure that's *all* you want?"

"Well, naturally, it goes without saying, I don't want to feel guilty when I get it."

While the servant cleared away the pieces of the dropped cup and brought fresh tea, Master Jen went for dry robes. Upon his return, he smiled benevolently at Wang. "I grant your request," he said. "But be warned: carefree *uninterrupted* guiltless happiness is not easily won. It can only be attained through great hardship. It might take weeks."

"It figured," said Wang. "You have to put up with a lot these days just to be miserable."

Wang was given a scythe and sent to cut rushes in Master Jen's swamp. Wang worked diligently. Soon not a rush was left standing, and his shins were deeply scored. Master Jen was generous with praise and further tasks. Wang passed the next six months chopping firewood, planting orchards, building roads, and quarrying stone for a new wharf. There were moments during the winter when Wang was almost tempted to become discouraged. But he persisted, for he had great faith in Master Jen and was too tired to think clearly.

One night, Wang returned late from shearing a flock of Master Jen's sheep. He was lying exhausted on several straws in the attic when the servant rushed in to fetch him. "Master Jen wants to see you," he said. "Let's not keep him waiting."

"If it's about the sheep, I'd like to point out—"

"It has nothing to do with the sheep. Your trial period is over. You are about to receive what you have earned, I'm happy to say."

"Sheep who squirm have only themselves to blame."

The servant repeated his message for some time, and eventually Wang understood and was overjoyed. He thought of what his neighbors would say about his happy life.

"When you're through smirking," the servant said, "bathe in the pond. Master Jen hates the smell of sheep." Wang did so and then dressed and hurried down the ladder. He followed the servant across the courtyard through the grove along the wharf past the gully around the corner and up the gangplank onto the houseboat, where they entered the dining pavilion, panting.

Master Jen had visitors. Many were they in number and far gone were they in condition. One guest was performing a card trick, which was poorly received. The pavilion rang with conflict! Busy was Master Jen in separating his visitors, for many were the drunken insults, much the taunting, and quite a lot the pushing and shoving.

"Friends from the city," the serv-

ant said. "It's their annual reunion."

"Are they sages and sorcerers, too?" Wang asked.

"Partly," said the servant.

Master Jen had managed to restore order. He now nodded to the third-shortest of the visitors. After a sarcastic comment about people who did card tricks, the man clapped his hands and coughed. Whereupon he was transformed into wind chimes, which played a medley of popular airs and then asked for requests. Though there were a good many hisses, there were a great many boos. Busy indeed was Master Jen in soothing tempers and preventing another visitor from juggling rice balls.

Wang whispered to the servant, "I thought you told me Master Jen wanted to see me."

"I thought I told you to bathe in the pond," said the servant.

The guest without the mole on his cheek now clapped his hands and coughed. The sack of the city of Pio Shung by vacationing mercenaries magically appeared on the ceiling, each act of pillage and violation beautifully defined. That it was in color this year did not impress. There were cries of "Give him back his rice balls!" and "Take a card, any card!"

Wang was tempted to grow impatient. Now the final visitor, the one without the scar, spoke, saying, "This year I have devised a true entertainment—I shall summon Tai Chai!*"

Ignoring fresh boos and a hurtling chair, he threw an orange into the gully. This surprised Wang. He was even more surprised by the lovely maiden who appeared before them, fetchingly garbed in seaweed. She performed the Dance of the Pear Blossom at First Frost, and then sang, "Green tea, green tea at the bottom of the sea, when again shall I brew thee now that it is the rainy season and I am in frequent use?" Then she told fortunes and anecdotes. Eventually she vanished back into the gully, and her summoner failed to avoid a hard-thrown orange.

It was the low point of the evening. Only Master Jen's intervention prevented an unpleasant exchange of spells. Loudly he avowed they were about to witness a true entertainment. He begged their close attention, explaining that he had gone to great expense for this show; it had cost him green firewood, poorly graded roads, a slipshod wharf, and pitted sheep.

In the puzzled silence, Wang stepped forward and said, "Pardon me, Master Jen, but I was told you wanted to see me a hell of a long time ago."

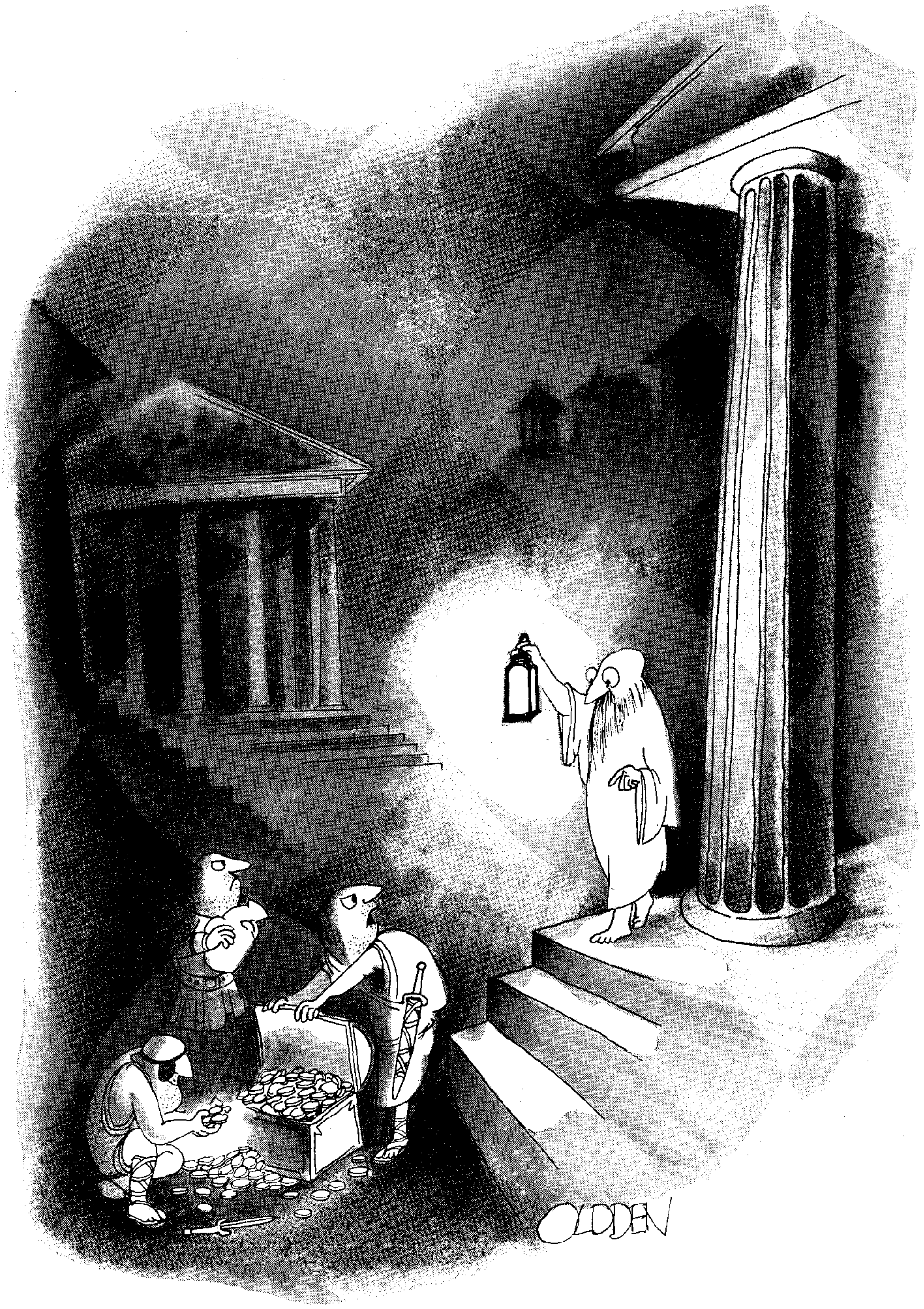
Master Jen smiled benevolently and with a flourish announced, "Gentlemen, here—" He paused to move upwind. "Gentlemen, *there* is our entertainment!"

Great was the disappointment and many the sarcastic comments about amateur talent that didn't bathe in the pond. The summoner of Tai Chai prepared to throw a pomegranate into the gully. Restraining him, Master Jen called out, "Quickly, Wang, nice and loud—why did you seek me out?"

Wang told them.

As he dodged shrapnel from dropped wine cups, the servant muttered to Wang, "I'll be glad when you leave here."

The houseboat rang with merriment! Much was the laughter, quite a lot the falling overboard, and severe the visitors' lacerations from rolling in broken cups. Several guests almost strangled on their mirth and had to be clapped on the back to still their coughing, whereupon the sack of Pio



*"You're barking up the wrong tree, Mac."*

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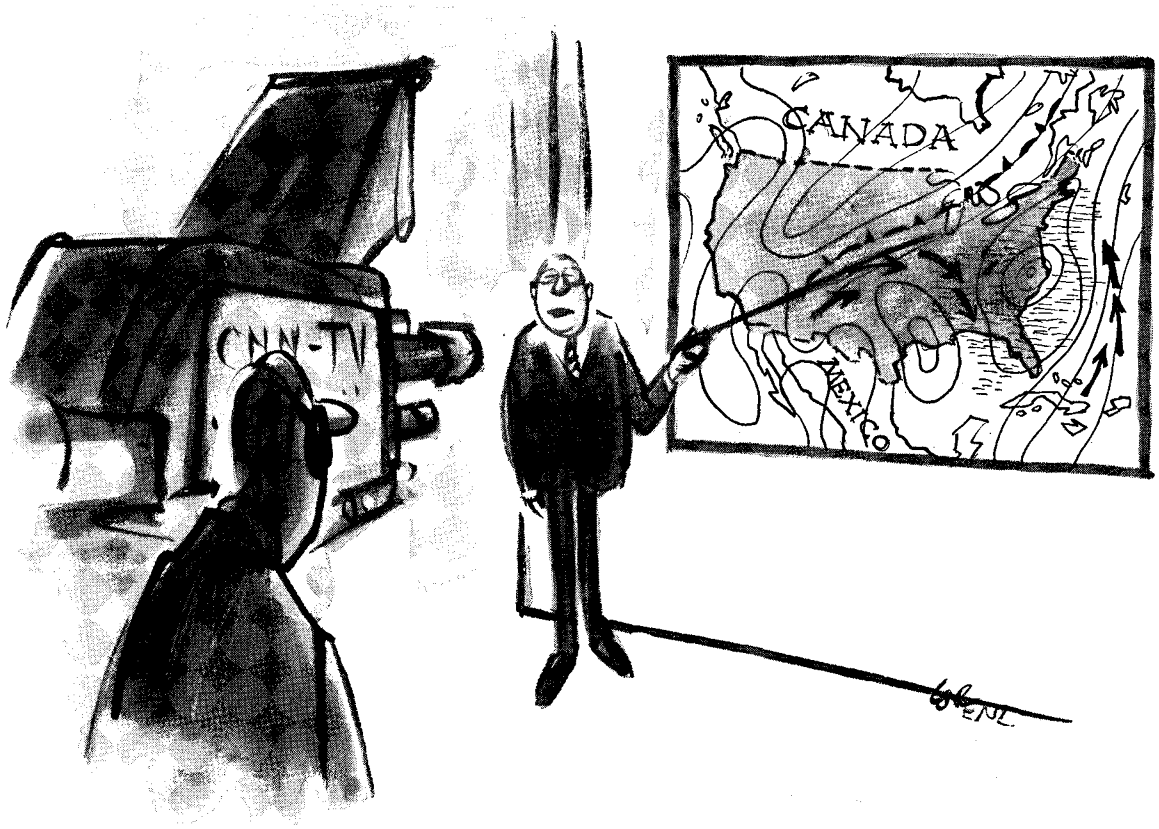
*Mythical moon maiden. After stealing the secret of pastoral contentment and neatness, she took refuge at the bottom of the sea. She paid for her impoliteness by being turned into an umbrella.



*"From the Rockies to the Great Lakes, an area of moral decay is moving slowly eastward, propelled by a hot mass of civil discontent. Over the Texas Panhandle, a sense of frustration and boredom is swiftly consolidating itself, which could affect our local picture by this weekend. At the moment, the outlook is dominated by a well-formed despair ranging down the Eastern Seaboard from Block Island to Cape Hatteras."*

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Shung appeared not only on the ceiling but on the walls, floors, and much of the furniture. The wind chimes were deafening.

"Do the part again about how all the chaos and turmoil will work out for the best," gasped one visitor. Wang did so, and the response was so favorable that, unthrown for, Tai Chai reappeared and said, "Isn't he delightfully adequate, if you like that sort of thing?"

Greater and greater grew the merriment and wider and wider grew Master Jen's smile. The entertainment of these ancients who had seen, heard, and done everything often would add greatly to his reputation. Already several of the magical mercenaries above the molding had paused in their rude carryings on to admire him.

While the servant was knotting the last of his tourniquets, the moleless visitor panted, "Are you booked anywhere New Year's Eve?"

"Booked?" Wang asked.

"Don't get professionally modest with me. 'A happy life,' 'turmoil and chaos work out for the best'—with material like that you can name your own terms."

"Oh, I see," Wang said. "Yes, naming my own terms figures to be part of it."

So great was the coughing and helpless laughter that townspeople in distant Shen Te Province were startled by their ceilings. But they interpreted the sack of Pio Shung as an evil omen. They lighted bonfires to drive away the hostile spirits, thereby destroying three barns, a bridge, and two junks, and making themselves sleepy the next morning.

"You know, Wang, you're a very attractive person," said Tai Chai. "Let me know if you ever get tired of doing a single."

Wang sensed something was amiss. While the servant was bundling him out, preparatory to throwing him into the gully, Wang frowned at Master Jen and cried out, "I want a simple yes or no. Does this imply I'm not going to get my happy life tonight?"

IT was the rainy season, and when Wang got up from the roadway at the bottom of the gully much was the mud he had to remove from his nose. The servant had locked the gates to the compound, but Wang rang the bell loudly, and soon Master Jen appeared and regarded him through the wicket. "You have served me well, Wang," he said. "I am not unappreciative. I am willing to grant one faintly rational request."

"This is a hell of a way to treat a guy because of a few sheep," Wang said.

"It has nothing to do with the sheep. How many times must I tell you?"

"Give me ones that don't squirm and . . ."

Master Jen repeated the message for some time, and eventually Wang understood. He frowned. "You mean," he said at last, "you *really* don't think that all this chaos and turmoil will work out for the best in the long run and that everybody will have a carefree life of uninterrupted happiness?"

"Well, naturally, of course, and it goes without saying," said Master Jen, "no."

Eventually Wang stopped screaming and rolling in the gravel. He caught his breath and dried his eyes. "I'll have to remember that one," he said. "Now, could I make a suggestion about tomorrow? I think it's time for me to get back to work. Those rushes have made quite a comeback. And so have my shins."

—GENE WILLIAMS

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WASHINGTON—William Jay Smith, this year's poet-in-residence at the Library of Congress, offers a gently mocking description of himself. In the title poem of his recent book, "Mr. Smith and Other Nonsense," one stanza goes:

Smith has always avoided getting hung up on one interest.—*Jean G. Lawlor in the Los Angeles Times.*

Hasn't much of a lilt, has it?

# MESSAGES

(To and From My Sons)

## I. BUTTERFLIES

Over and around     grass banked and packed short and holding back
Water, we have been
Playing, my son, in pure abandon,
And we still are.   We play, and play inside our play and play
Inside of that, where butterflies are increasing
The deeper we get
And lake water ceases to strain.   Ah, to play in a great field of light
With your son, both men, both
Young and old!   Ah, it was then, Chris,

As now!   You lay down on the earth
Dam, and I rambled forth and did not look and found
And found like a blueprint of animal
Life, the whole skeleton of a cow.   O son, left
In pure abandon, I sat down inside the bones in the light
Of pine trees, studying the tiny holes
In the head, and where the ants
Could not get through, the nerves had left
Their messages.   I sat in the unmoving hearse
Flying, carried by cow-bones in pure
Abandon, back to you.   I picked up the head
And inside the nose-place were packets
And whole undealt decks
Of thin bones, like shaved playing cards.
I won the horns.   They twisted loose from the forehead
And would not twist back     as I gambled and rocked
With the skull in my lap,
The cow not straining to live.   In that car I rode
Far off
and in
and in
While you were sleeping off the light
Of the world.
And when I came
From the bone dust in pure abandon, I found you lying on the earth
Dam, slanted in the grass that held back
The water, your hands behind your head,
Gazing through your eyelids into the universal
Light, and the butterflies were going
Here

here

here
here

from here

madly over

to

here

here.

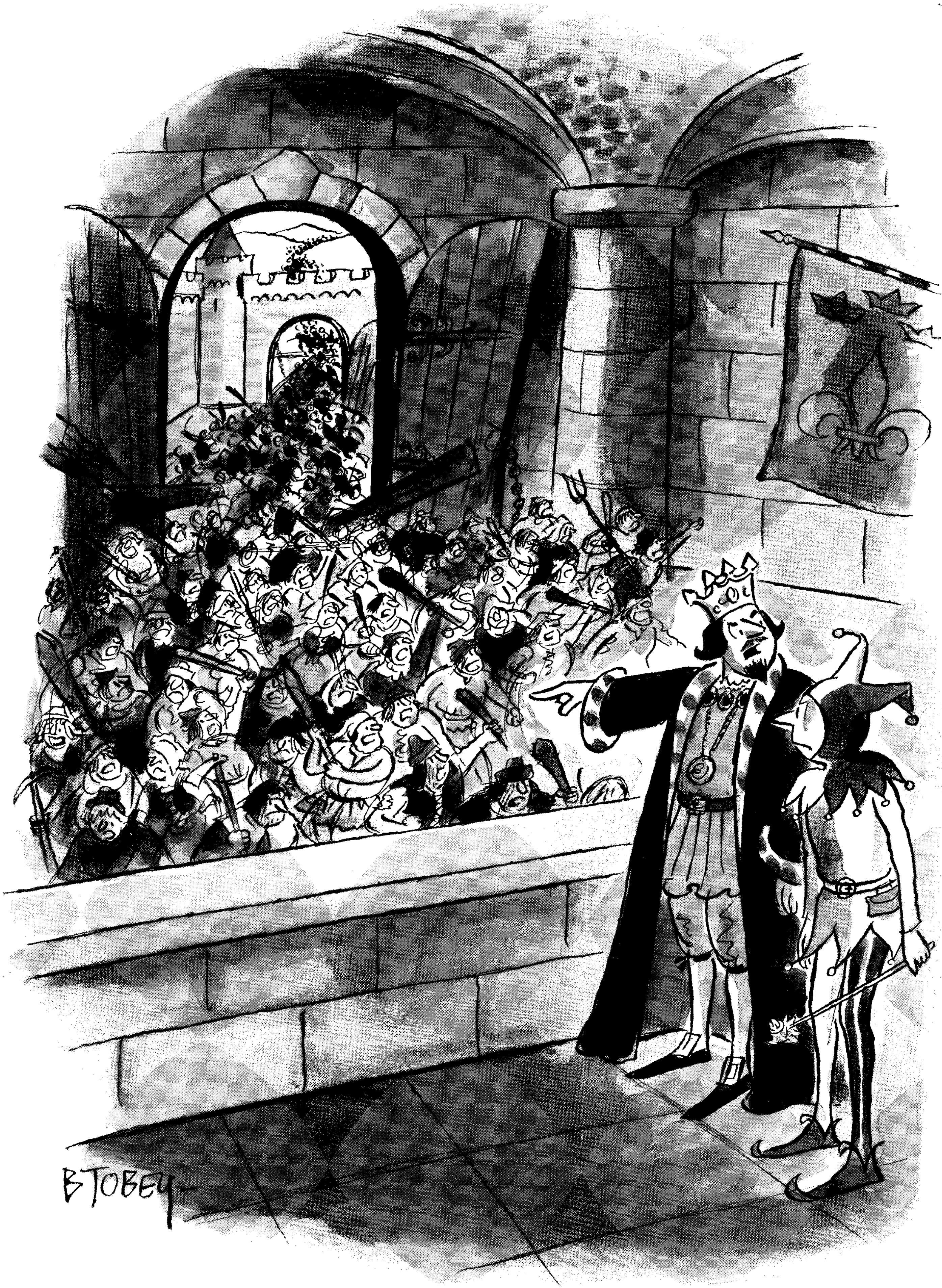
They went over you     here     and through you
Here     no     yes and tattered apart,
Beat out over water and back
To earth, and over my oldest
Son asleep   their ragged, brave wings
Pulsed on the blue flowers     shook like the inmost
Play     and blazed all over and around
Where you slept holding back
Water without strain.
That is all, but like all joy
On earth and water,
in bones and in wings and in light,
It is a gamble.   It is play, son, now
As then.   I put the horns beside you in the grass
And turned back to my handsprings and my leaps.

## II. GIVING A SON TO THE SEA

Gentle blondness and the moray eel go at the same time
On in my mind as you grow, who fired at me, at the age
Of six, a Christmas toy for child
Spies   a bullet with a Special Secret
Message Compartment.   My hands undid the bullet meant
For my heart, and it read aloud
"I love you."   That message hits me most
When I watch you swim, that being your only talent.
The sea obsesses you, and your room is full of it:

Your room is full
Of flippers and snorkels and books
On spearfishing.
O the depths,
My gentle son.   Out of that room and into the real
Wonder and weightless horror
Of water     into the shifts of vastness
You will probably go, for someone must lead
Mankind, your father and your sons,
Down there to live, or we all die
Of crowding.   Many of you
Will die, in the cold roll
Of the bottom currents, and the life lost
More totally than anywhere,   there in the dark
Of no breath at all.
And I must let you go, out of your gentle
Childhood into your own man suspended
In its body, slowly waving its feet
Deeper and deeper, while the dark grows, the cold
Grows careless, the sun is put
Out by the weight of the planet
As it sinks to the bottom. Maybe you will find us there
An agonizing new life, much like the life
Of the drowned, where we will farm eat sleep and bear children
Who dream of birds.
Switch on your sea-lamp then,
And go downward, son, with your only message
Echoing.   Your message to the world, remember,
Came to your father
At Christmas like a bullet.   When the great fish roll
With you, herded deep in the deepest dance,
When the shark cuts through your invisible
Trail, I will send back
That message, though nothing that lives
Underwater will ever receive it.
That does not matter, my gentle blond
Son.   That does not matter.

—James Dickey



*"Go down there and make them laugh."*

# AS I WALKED OUT ONE MIDSUMMER MORNING

## III—WE ARE GOING TO NEED THE HELP OF ALL THE WORLD

I HAD crossed the Sierra de Guadarrama, and reached the main road, when I was given a lift by two racy young booksellers who were driving a van loaded with missals. The young men, very cheerful, presented me with their cards and pointed out all the brothels as we bowled into Madrid, where they put me down, at about ten in the morning, in the heart of the city—the heart of Spain. The year was 1935, and I was touring the country on foot, with nothing more than a smattering of Spanish and my violin to sustain me, having left my home in England the previous summer, aged nineteen, to discover the world.

On this late-August morning, I found Madrid a clutter of cafés, shacks, and tire dumps. It struck me at first as being all tram bells and wire, false marble and dilapidation. The wide main streets displayed all that pomp and vacuity one associated with Latin America—political parade grounds driven between wedding-cake mansions and bearing the names of presidents, political anniversaries, and virtues. Close behind them, however, ran the living lanes of the city—narrow alleys stuffed with carts and beggars, with thin little housemaids and tubercular children, beautiful and covered with sores. I walked round the back streets near the Puerta del Sol, looking for a likely inn, and found one at last, as old as Chaucer, with a cowshed in the cellar.

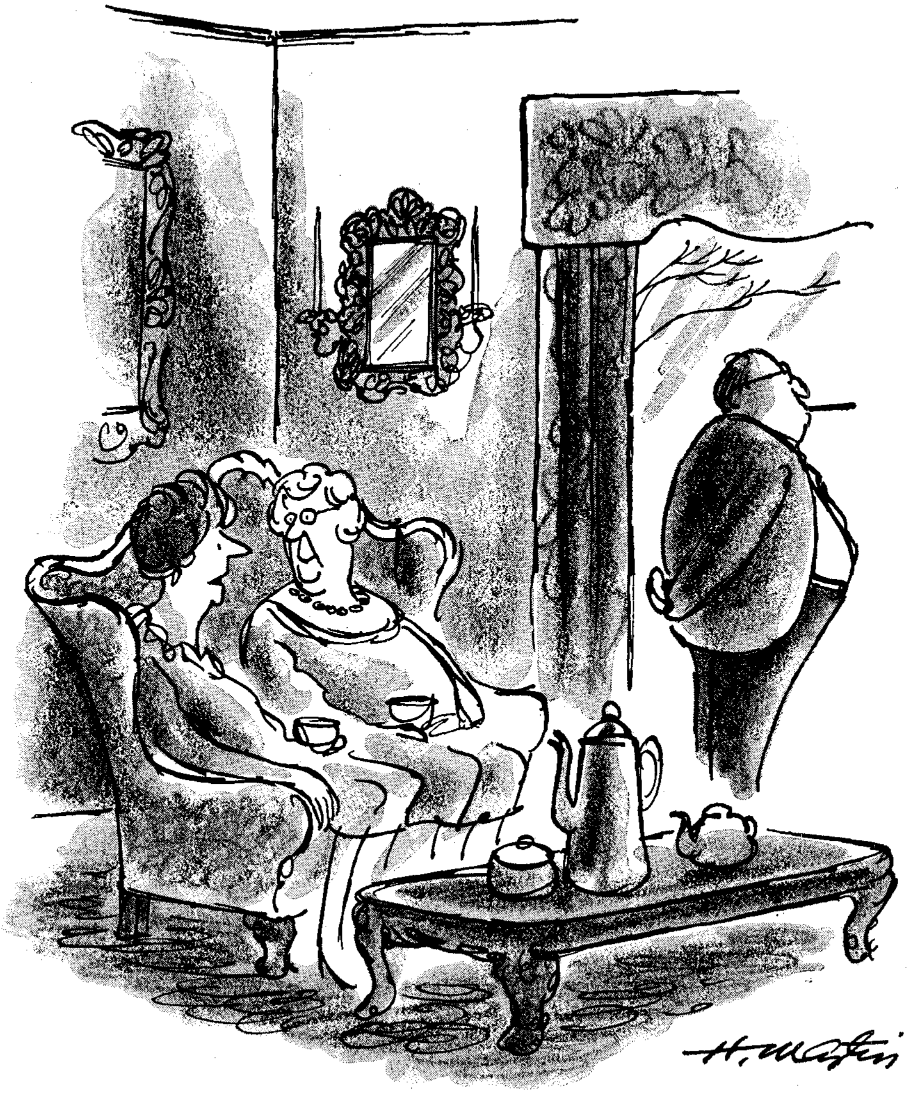
By now it was noon, with almost everyone under cover, in the bars and moistly shaded cafés, at this hour when Madrid properly came into its own—for Madrid at that time, if not today, was a city of a thousand exquisite taverns, water-cooled, barrel-lined, and cavernously spacious, cheap and affectionately run.

Stepping in from the torrid street, you met a band of cool air like fruit peel pressed to your brow, and entered a cloistered grotto laden with the tang of shellfish, wet tiles, and wine-soaked wood. There was no waiting, no crowding; the place was yours. Potboys took your orders with ringing cries, and men stood at their ease holding goblets of sherry, with plenty of time to drink them, while piled round the counters—arranged in dishes or enthroned on great blocks of ice—lay banquets of seafood: craggy oysters, crabs, calamares heaped in golden rings, fresh lobsters twitching on beds of palm leaves, bowls of mussels and feathery shrimps. Also on offer would be the little sizzling saucers of kidney or roasted sparrow, snails, fried squid, hot prawns in garlic, stewed pork or belly of lamb. Nobody drank without eating—it would have been thought uncivilized (and may have been one of the reasons why no one was drunk). But then this seafood, after all, was some of the best in the world, landlocked Madrid's particular miracle, freshly gathered that morning from faraway shores—the Mediterranean, Biscay, the Atlantic—and rushed to the capital in special trains that pushed everything else into the sidings.

That's how I remember it: under the terra-cotta roofs, a proliferation of caves of ice. With carters, porters, watchmen, taxi-drivers, sleek dandies, and plump officials sipping their golden wines, fastidiously peeling a prawn, while the surge of conversation continued like bubbling water under the framed pictures of bulls and heroes. It was a way of life evolved like a honeycomb and buried away from the burning sky; and perhaps no other city at that time had so successfully come to terms with this particular priority of pleasure.

When the air cooled that evening, I took my violin to the older part of the city, to the teeming cliffs above the Manzanares. There was scarcely any traffic; streets were intimate as courtyards, with lamplit arches smelling of wine and woodsmoke. And all were alive with that dense coming and going of a people too poor really to be going anywhere, content to walk up and down within sight of their neighbors, chewing carobs and sunflower seeds.

I melted easily enough into the evening crowds, playing my fiddle alone along the pavement edges but not entirely ignored. People walked from the shops to give me an apple or orange, and women threw paper-wrapped gifts from the balconies. "Look at the young man. Find him a morsel,



*"I must say that what Harry may lack in charisma he makes up for in I.B.M., Xerox, and Standard Oil of New Jersey."*

for Jesus"—and pennies and biscuits came scattering down.

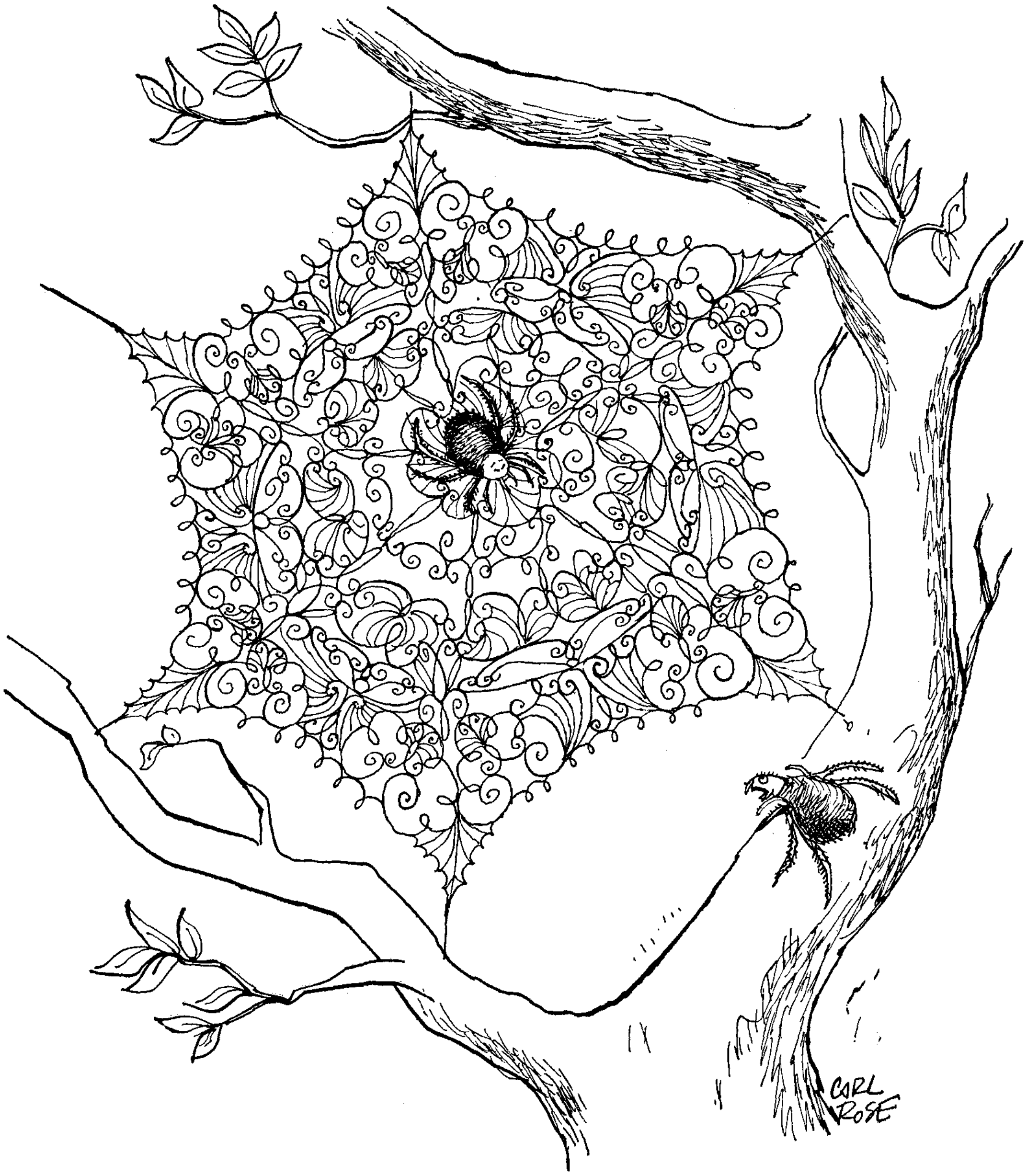
Givers and receivers seemed to be equal here. It was a world of exchanges rather than charity. Stall-holders swapped with their neighbors, or ate their own wares, and barmen poured out drinks for each other. Beggars were everywhere, sitting propped against walls, carefully inspecting one another's parcels, while around them ran rouged and painted children wearing their mothers' skirts and shoes.

There seemed no program to life in these narrow alleys; nothing stopped and all hours were the same: always some mumbling old woman buying a half litre of beans, a girl at a window, a child at the breast, some boy down a side street silently torturing another, some family round a table eating.

And whenever I returned to the *posada*, no matter how late it might be, most of the carters would still be awake. The innkeeper would give me some coppers, or a glass of brandy, and suggest I play them a tune.

One night, I remember, a gentleman in a gray frock coat came down from his room to listen, and stood close behind me, nodding and smiling to the music and sticking long silver pins through his throat.

Another night as I played, an old clock in the courtyard suddenly shuddered and struck fourteen. "It's gone mad," said the innkeeper. "It hasn't struck for years." And he went over and hit it with a bottle.



"*Of course it's a beautiful job, dear, and the detail is exquisite, but don't you think it's a trifle busy?*"

• •

My bedroom was a cell without any windows, and had bedbugs as big as beetles. To lie down was to be ridden, racked, and eaten, to scratch and fight for breath. It was clear why everyone stayed awake in this city. Only in the streets and courtyards could one breathe at night, and the heat brought the beds alive.

Mornings, however, were miracles of resurrection, well worth the short night's inferno. Then the sky was an infinity of bubble blue, restoring to life the sleepless sufferers who emerged with faces shining like plates. Washed stones and wet dung scented the morning streets. Raised close to the sky, the city sparkled, as though among the first to receive its light. Indeed, Madrid, the highest capital in Europe, was a crystal platform at this early hour, and the clarity of the air may have been the cause, in part, of a number of local obsessions—the people's concern for truth, their naked and pitiless mysticism, their fascination with pleasure and death. They were certainly lofty in their love of the city, putting it first among the many proverbs: "When I die, please God, let me go to Heaven, and have a little window to look back on Madrid."

Mornings in the *posada* were the best time of the day, with the walls dripping with watered flowers. I used to sit in the doorway, facing the street, while the girl Concha went to buy my breakfast; then, when she returned, she'd squat on the bench beside me and start pinning and curling her hair. Concha was a husky young widow from Aranjuez and spent most of the daytime idling about, waiting for the return of her boyfriend from Asturias, who brought her presents of jam and butter.

One morning toward the end of my stay, I noticed her hot, lazy eyes wandering over me. My clothes, she said, were without class and dignity and not proper for an Englishman. What I needed, at least, was a new pair of trousers, and she said she'd get some from a gentleman she knew. "You will have them tonight, I promise you. Then you will be able to walk in the street with honor."

That evening, I did well with the fiddle and spent the rest of the night in

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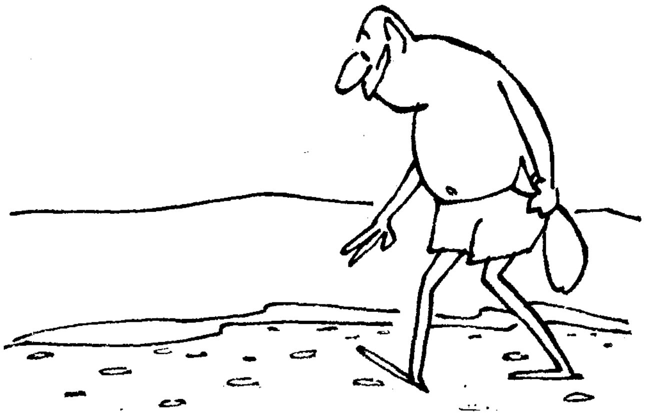

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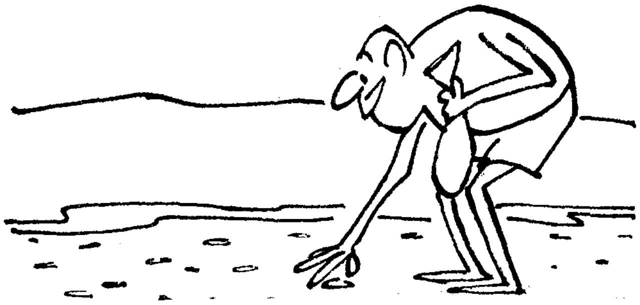


the bars. The hot still air sharpened the taste of the wine and sent me wandering from street to street, glad to be alone in this open city with all the benefits of no identity.

I began at the Calle Echegaray—a raffish little lane, half Goya, half Edwardian plush, with café-brothels full of painted mirrors, crippled minstrels, and lacquered girls. The narrow ditch-like alley was crowded with gypsies, watchmen, touts, and lechers, and with youths gazing aghast at the girls in the windows, without the money to buy them. Inside, the lucky ones—the paunchy, bald clubmen, and spoiled *señoritos* spending their mothers' pin money—had beer and prawns, a girl at each shoulder, a bootblack crouched at their feet, buying the fat court life for a few pesetas in the midst of a clamor of crones and beggars.

I found a less brassy bar at the end of the street—one designed for quieter, more twilit drinking, but furnished and decorated throughout with a Victorian amalgam of blood and sex. Varnished posters on the walls, the color of old smoked salmon, announced, "Toros en Valencia, 1911," or showed Theda Bara-type beauties in black lace mantillas, roses pressed to their naked bosoms, sensuously posturing to a background of dying bullfighters and choking bulls stretched on crimson sands.

In this bar, the wine was poured from a great stone jar, and served by an old man who'd lost a leg in the bullring. He carried his grumbles and miseries like a guttering candle from one group of drinkers to another.

Someone mentioned Belmonte and Domingo Ortega, the two rival stars of the day.

"They are nothing," he growled. "Thieves and catchpennies both. Don't speak of them to me. There are no men or bulls alive in Spain anymore. Only pretty little boys with kittens."

The wine was thick and strong, and I was still not used to it. The bar began to change dimensions. I was suddenly aware of the beauty of my fingernail, of people who addressed me, then disappeared.

I walked back through the streets with a rocking head, thinking simple, ironic thoughts. It was long past midnight, almost dawn, and for once Madrid seemed deserted. The *posada* was closed, but the door opened to my shoulder and cats darted across the yard like lizards.

As I stumbled upstairs, a hand touched mine in the darkness and drew me into a jumbled moonlit room. "I've got your clothes," said Concha. She stood close against me, holding my shoulder blades, and I could smell her peppery flesh. I swayed on my feet, full of a hazy, unthinking dumbness. Somewhere in the room a child called "Mama," and the woman paused to give it a spoonful of jam. Then she took off my boots and helped me to bed. Before she joined me she made the sign of the cross.

TWO days later, I walked into Toledo, about forty miles to the south, and there the Castilian sun caught up with me at last and struck me down with a twenty-four-hour fever. I remember climbing into the town, hugging the narrow shadows and accompanied by rainbow hallucinations, then staggering into a wineshop for a glass of water and dropping unconscious on the floor. When I recovered, I remembered two men carrying me back to an inn and laying me down by a water trough. Racked with icy heat, I pressed my face to the stone, grateful for the smell of its damp green mold, and dimly aware of the crackle of female voices discussing my condition.

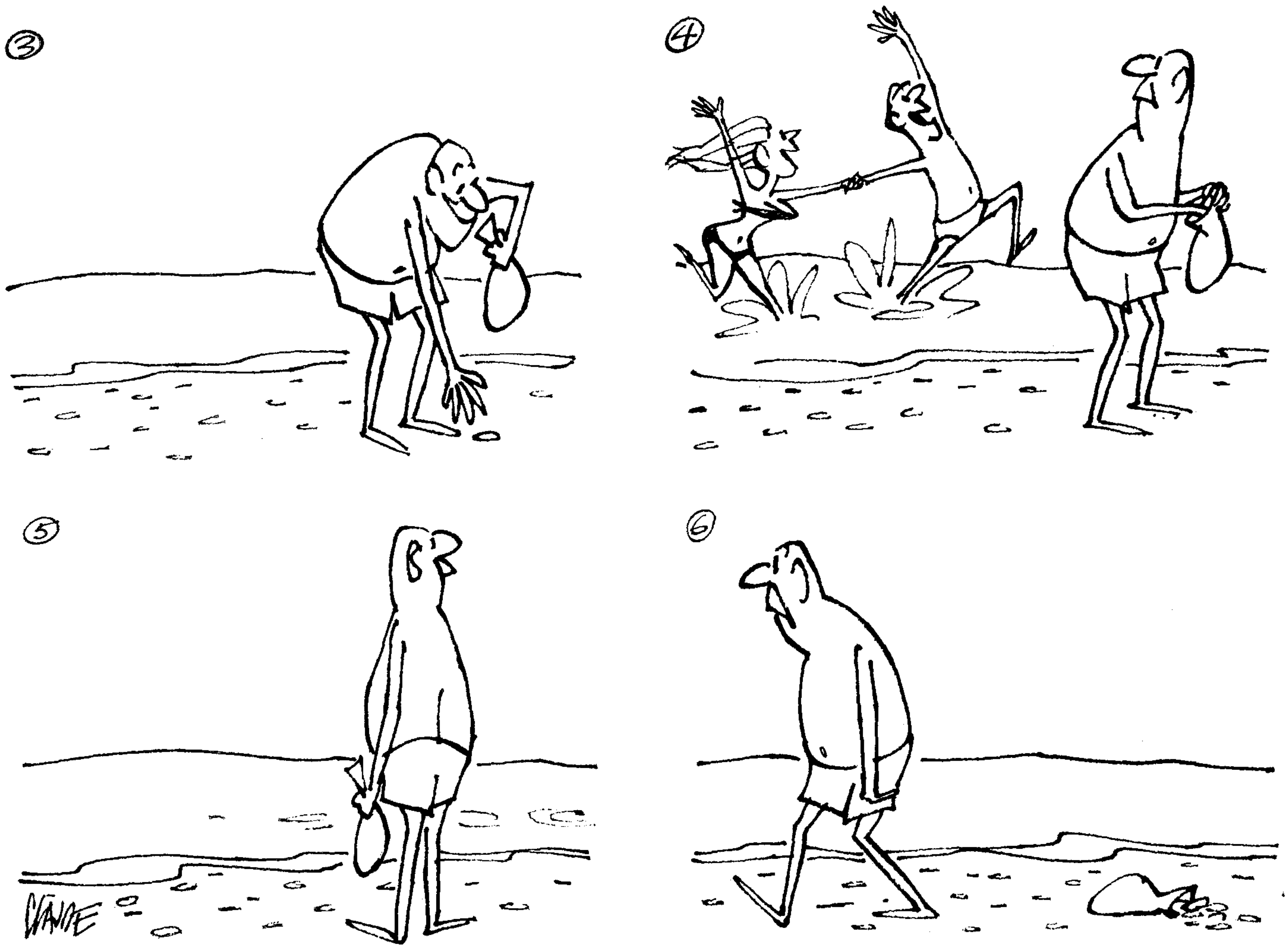
They sat in a circle around me, a group of thin old women, pyramids of black against the shimmering walls, carefully keeping their distance but watching me closely with a mixture of concern and exasperation. "Ay!" "It's his head." "He walks without a hat." "The foolish . . ." "The sad young man.". . . Meanwhile, I was left alone to sweat and sleep, and not even the dogs approached me.

I was still lying out there in the middle of the night, still lying where the men had put me. I could feel the stone of the water trough against my cheek, and there was a cold white moon overhead. Everybody else was asleep, and the courtyard was empty, but someone had covered me with a sack.

By noon next day the fever suddenly went, leaving me purged and ravenously hungry. The women were back on their chairs, knees spread, hands folded, grouped silently around the walls. Seeing me sit up, one of them brought me some food and told me not to be such a fool in future. The others nodded in chorus, pointing their fingers at the sun and shrinking away in postures of dread. "Bad! Bad!" they cried, drawing their scarves across their faces till only their eyes and knuckles were showing.

That evening, I was back on the job, playing to the open-air cafés in the Plaza de Zocodover—a sloping square of uneven cobbles which was the town's main center. No traffic, no radios—only the sundown crowds quietly sitting and watching each other, the waiters mostly idle or flicking at flies with slow caressive movements.

I STAYED a week in Toledo, and then I was almost a month on the road—a month of vintage September weather. Out in the open country, it grew dark early, and then there was nothing to do but sleep. As the sun went down, I'd turn into a field and curl up like a roosting bird, then wake



in the morning, soaked with dew, before the first farmer or the sun was up, and take to the road to get warm.

In the valley of the Guadiana, I saw herds of black bulls grazing in fields of orange dust, and square white farms, like desert strongholds, protected by packs of savage dogs. Somewhere here, in a barn, under a roof crusted with swallows' nests, a mother and daughter cooked me a supper of eggs, while a horse watched me eating, chickens walked on the table, and an old man in the hay lay dying.

As I approached Valdepeñas, a carter offered me a lift, exclaiming that no stranger should walk while he rode, and he proudly answered my gift of a cigarette by giving me in exchange a miniature cucumber. On our way to the town, we stopped at a village fair and watched the performance of an open-air circus, which consisted of a monkey, a camel, an Arab, a snake, and two painted little boys with trumpets.

Then I came to the Sierra Morena—one more of those east-west ramparts which go ranging across Spain and divide its people into separate races. Behind me was Old Castile and the Gothic north, beyond the Sierra the spiced blur of Andalusia.

A peasant stopped me in the foothills (a twinge of agony on his face at the sight of my road-worn feet) and piled my bags on his mule, gave me a stick, and said he would show me the way up the mountain. We climbed for three hours, up a ladder of goat tracks which led us through a wilderness of rock—a great jumble of boulders, large as houses, which seemed to have been thrown about by giants. The mule and I stumbled, but my guide climbed ahead of us, light-footed, never looking back. Sometimes he nodded toward the crags and made a reference to bandits. Occasionally we saw a goatherd sitting brown and alone.

At last, we pushed through the peaks and came to a misty plateau with a chill breeze blowing across it. Here was my companion's village—a huddle of rough-stone hovels, shaped like beehives and tufted with dripping moss. A few diseased-looking sheep, with ribs like radiators, wandered in and out of the houses.

When they saw us coming, the villagers gathered in the mist and waited for my companion to explain who I was. After he'd done this briefly, as best he could, they gave me a meal of bread and curds. Then, with a muted apology, my guide took the violin from its bag and handed it to me delicately, like a newborn lamb. I was now used to this reception—the ritual gift of food, followed by the offered instrument and the expectant silence.

I remember the villagers as they listened, blankets held to their throats, dribbles of damp lying along their eyebrows. It was like being with some lost tribal remnant of seventeenth-century Scotland, during one of their pauses between famine and massacre—the children standing barefooted in puddles of dew, old women wrapped in their rancid sheepskins, and the short shaggy men whose squinting faces seemed stuck between a smile and a snarl.

South of the Sierra the mists rolled away and I met a new kind of heat, brutal and hard, carrying the smell of another continent. As I came down the mountain, this heat piled up, pushing against me like a blast of sand, so that I walked half blind, my tongue dry as a carob bean, obsessed once again by thirst. These were the ominous days of nerve-bending sirocco, with peasants wrapped to the eyes like Arabs, during which I was savagely nipped by a bellicose farm dog. Far down in the valley I could see at last the tree-lined Guadalquivir running in slow green coils.

Entering the province of Andalusia through fields of ripening melons, I saw the first signs of the southern people: men in tall Cordobese hats, blue shirts, and scarlet waistbands, and girls with smoldering Arab faces. Villages had Moorish names—Andújar, Pedro Abad—and an air of proud, though listless, anarchy. In the main square of one, fully exposed to the populace, were two prisoners in an iron cage, puffing cheerily at cigarettes, blowing smoke through the bars, and shouting obscenities at the passersby.

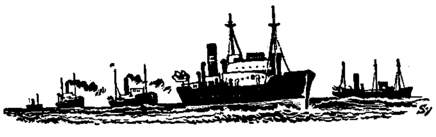
At this point on the road I might have continued south to Granada, which was only two or three days away. Instead, I turned west and followed the Guadalquivir, which added several months to my journey, and took me to the sea the roundabout way and affected everything that was to happen to me.

EVER since childhood I'd imagined myself walking down a white dusty road through groves of orange trees to a city called Seville. This fantasy may have been induced by the Cotswold damp, or by something my mother had told me, but it was one of several such clichés which had brought me to Spain, and now, as I approached the city on this autumn morning, it was as though I was simply following some old direction.

In fact, there was no white road, and no gold-clustered orange trees, but Seville itself was dazzling—a creamy crustation of flower-banked houses fanning out from each bank of the river. The Moorish occupation had bequeathed the affection for water, around which so many of even the poorest dwellings were built—a thousand miniature patios set with inexhaustible fountains which fell trickling upon ferns and leaves. Here the rippling of water replaced the coal fire of the north as a symbol of home and comfort, while its whispering presence, seen through grilles and doorways, gave an impression of perpetual afternoon, each house turning its back on the blazing street outside to lie coiled around its moss-cool center.

Seville was no paradise, even so. There was the customary squalor behind it—children and beggars sleeping out in the gutters under a coating of disease and filth. By day their condition seemed somewhat less intolerable, and they presented a jaunty face to the world. All were part of the city—the adored Seville—to which even the beggars claimed pride of belonging, and where ragged little girls would raise their thin brown arms and dance rapturously at the least excuse. It was a city of traditional *alegría*, where gaiety was almost a civic duty, something which rich and poor wore with arrogant finesse simply because the rest of Spain expected it. Like the Viennese, the Sevillanas lived under this burden of legend, and were forced into carefree excesses, compelled to flounce and swagger as the embodiment of Andalusia in spite of frequent attacks of liverish exhaustion.

At the morning market I bought cactus fruit, dripping with juice and shot full of seeds, sold by a garrulous old man who entertained his customers with long histories about the rivers of Spain. But his tales, told in dialect, were less intelligible to me than those of the deaf-mute boy Alonso, whom I also met in the market and whose restless face and body built up images like a silent movie. He described his family in mime, patting their several heads, and suddenly one could see them in a row beside him—his handsome father, his coughing consumptive mother, fighting brothers, and sly young sister. There was also a sickly baby, its head lolling back, and two dead ones, packed into little boxes—the boy set their limbs stiffly, sprinkled them with prayers, closed their eyes, and laid them away with a shrug.



In the market, too, I met Quiepo, a beggar, whose hand had been bitten off by a mad dog in Madrid. Sometimes he'd lift up the red and wrinkled stump, bare his teeth, and bark at it savagely. Otherwise, he was a rational companion, and showed me round the town and introduced me to the cheapest cafés. We used to meet at midday, count out our money and spend it on wine and fishballs, then go down to the quayside, climb into a half-sunken boat, and doze through the afternoon.

Until now, I'd accepted this country without question, as though visiting a

## THE TORN-DOWN BUILDING

Slowly, slowly our exploding time
gives off its lives; a lens, an eyelash rub
under the new ground broken,
under the new primary-colored paint
put up for someone to come to,
to start off from, to cherish,

but dear one, this December
the walls walk off, we sit mother-naked
smiling on our boxes of books—
slowly the first snowfall
curls around its own faint fall,
each dot different we thought we could
turn back and back to learn, with all this
light everywhere.

The snow falls around as we walk talking war,
books, the times, our friends' funny business.
Lens, eyelash whisper against the flat
stairs outlined in old paint on the open air—
the light draws a thousand thousand windowsills,
bottles, our shadows on the floor,
all backs, our piles of books, our toys,
our boxes of letters. Slowly, over the newspaper,
this quarter century takes in
its infant deaths, gives off its smiling *kouroi*
and we will meet their eyes in the air—

the January light's stock-still
a second from your face to mine, mine to the child's,
her words a flare, a fountain lighter than air.

—JEAN VALENTINE

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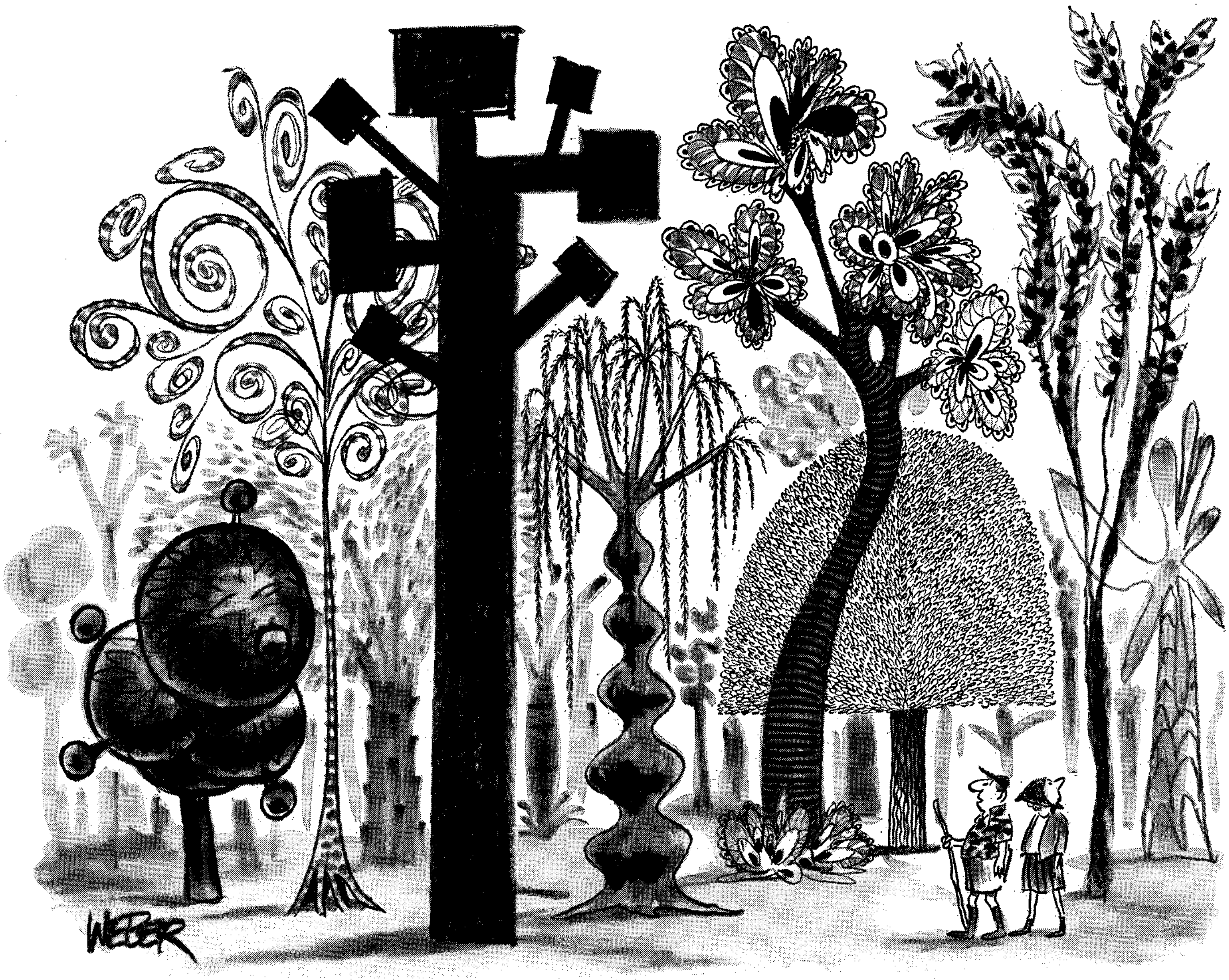


*"Where's the forest? All I can see is the trees."*

• •

half-crazed family. I'd seen the fat bug-eyed rich gazing glassily from their clubs, men scrabbling for scraps in the market, dainty upper-class virgins riding to church in carriages, beggar women giving birth in doorways. Naïve and uncritical, I'd thought it part of the scene, not asking whether it was right or wrong. But it was in Seville, on the bridge, watching the river at midnight, that I got the first hint of coming trouble. A young sailor approached me with a "Hallo, Johnny," and asked for a cigarette. He spoke the kind of English he'd learned on a Cardiff coal boat, spitting it out as though it hurt his tongue. "I don't know who you are," he said, "but if you want to see blood, stick around—you're going to see plenty."

I REACHED the sea at the end of September, having taken almost three months to come down through Spain. At Cádiz, I lived in an evil old *posada* whose galleries were packed with sailors, beggars, and pimps, and there was little to do all day except sit round in the dust while the scorching winds blew in from the Atlantic. The police said it was forbidden to play music in the streets for money, so sometimes I played for nothing.

I seemed to meet no one in Cádiz except the blind and the crippled, the deaf and dumb, the diseased, whose condition was so hopeless they scarcely bothered to complain but treated it all as a twisted joke. They told me tittering tales of others even more wretched than themselves—the homeless who lived in the Arab drains, who lay down at night among rats and excrement and were washed out to sea twice a year by the floods. They told me of families who scraped the tavern floors for shellfish and took it home to boil for soup, and of others who lived by trapping cats and dogs and roasting them on fires of driftwood.

Life in Cádiz was too acrid to hold me for long, so after a few days I left it and turned eastward at last, heading along the bare coastal shelf of Andalusia. I spent almost a week in this Arizona-like landscape. Most of the time, I was alone. Sometimes I met a solitary horseman, or a veiled woman on a donkey who raised her hand to avert my evil eye.

I remember sleeping one night in a hilltop cemetery, my face stroked by the beams of a lighthouse, then taking breakfast next morning in a village wineshop where I heard the fishermen talking of war in Abyssinia—meaningless to me, who hadn't seen a newspaper for almost three months.

The country east of Tarifa was high, bare, and brown, with kites and vultures turning slowly overhead, square-winged, like electric fans. It was a scrub-covered wilderness, rippling with wind, but heartless, empty of life, except for occasional hunters who appeared suddenly with muskets, fired at nothing, then went away.

All day, as I climbed the twisting

road, I heard the explosions rolling round the hills, the echoing crack of a gun followed by long empty silences. At the top of the rise, the country levelled into a kind of platform—a lofty gallery above the Straits—from which one could watch the slow blue currents of the Mediterranean snaking toward the Atlantic's green forked tongue. Africa was now so near one could see the veins in the rocks running up the massive face of Morocco, with the afternoon sun peeling away the shadows to reveal deep and mysterious crevices. From Tangier, the panorama swept east to Ceuta and back into the mint-green hills of Er Rif.

Turning off the road, I slept for an hour in the withered gorse and woke to find a gunman standing over me. "How d'you do?" I said foolishly, flustered, in English. The man giggled, and crept away.

I went no farther that night but camped out on the hilltop, content to stay where I was. Suddenly it was dark, and Gibraltar became a heap of diamonds, and Algeciras stretched out claws of light. Then a huge moon rose straight out of the sea and hung motionless, like a frozen bloom. The wind rose, too, funnelling in from the Atlantic, and I wrapped in my blanket, shivering with cold.

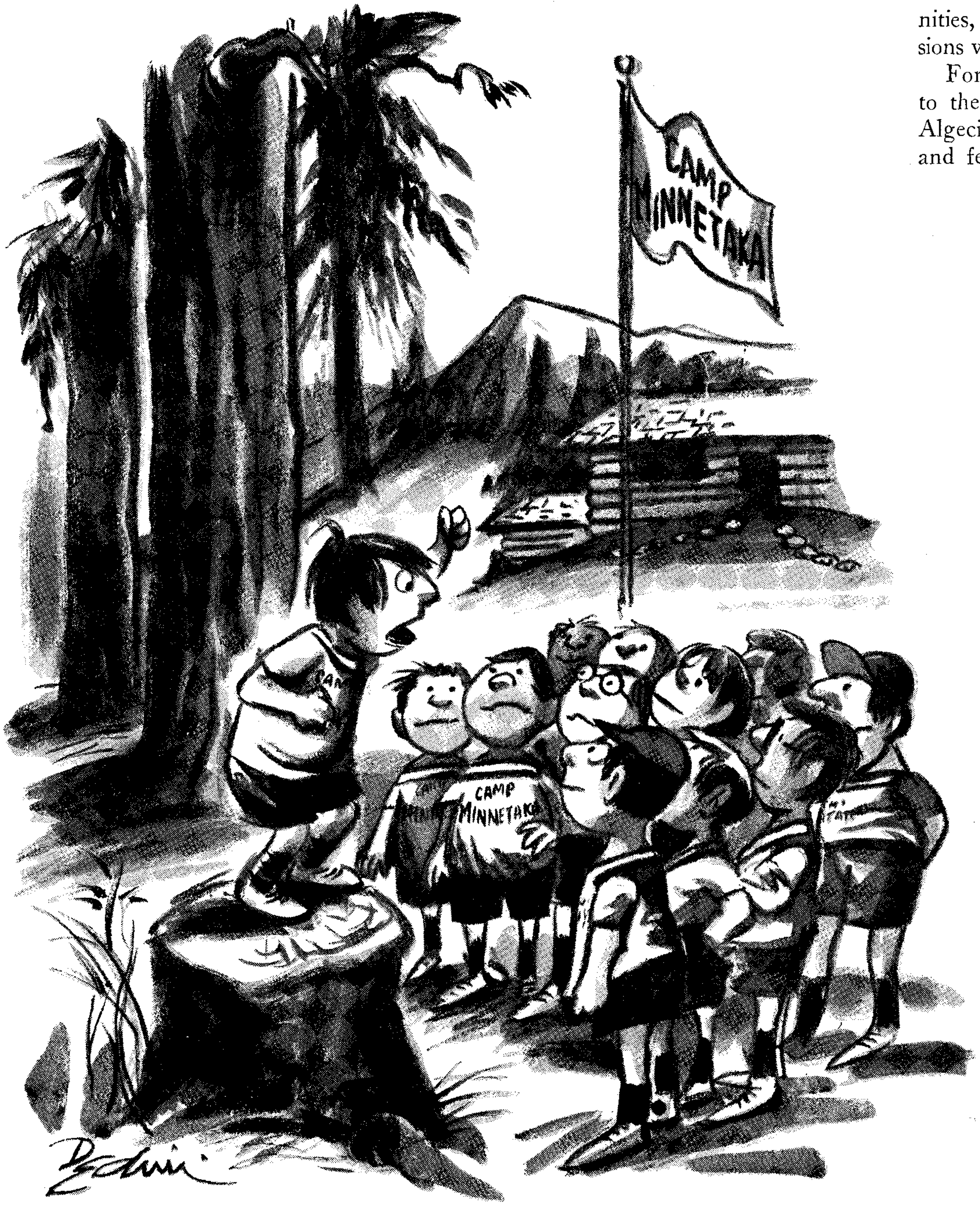
THE port of Algeciras had a potency and charm that I'd found nowhere else till then. It was a scruffy little town built round an open drain and smelling of fruit skins and rotten fish. There were a few brawling bars and modest brothels; otherwise, the chief activity was smuggling. At most street corners one would be offered exotic items of merchandise unavailable anywhere else in Spain—moldy chocolate, damp American cigarettes, leaky Parker pens, and fake Swiss watches. But for all its disreputable purposes and confidence trickery, it seemed to be a town entirely free of malice, and even the worst of its crooks were so untrained in malevolence that no one was expected to take them seriously. In its position as a bridge between Europe and Morocco, the port could have equalled Marseille in evil, but its heart wasn't in it, in spite of the opportunities, and it preferred small transgressions with lesser rewards.

For myself, I thought it best to stick to the fiddle. I was half in love with Algeciras and its miniature villainies, and felt I could have stayed on there indefinitely. But part of my plan at that time was still to follow the coast round Spain, so I had to leave it and get on to Málaga.

From its name, I expected Málaga to be a kind of turreted stronghold, half Saracen, half corsair. Instead, I found an untidy city on the banks of a dried-up river, facing a modern commercial harbor, the streets full of cafés and slummy bars, and its finest building the post office.

I stayed at an inn by the dried-up river, where I shared a courtyard with about a dozen families. Cooking went on all day at their separate fires, in pots mounted on little stones. The reek of fat and charcoal was always in the nostrils, giving one a pungent sense of well-being—though the presence of the fires was more comforting than the food, which was usually a gruel of unmentionable scraps.

But the *posada* was home, and I bedded down in my place with the mules and wives and children. Honor, not modesty, was what we lived by here, together with a watchful sense of protection. Food and drink might be shared at any time, but each man's goods were sacred—these could be left all day,



*"There's not even one Indian kid here! I say we find out why or take over the administration cabin!"*

piled in a heap by the wall, and no one, not even a dog, would touch them.

The courtyard was mostly occupied by mountain people who had come down to the city to sell baskets and cloth—the beautiful handwoven blankets of the Alpujarras, half Arab, half Mexican in style, decorated with bold abstractions in scarlet and black or sprinkled with geometrical peacocks.

The men of the Alpujarras were wiry as Bulgars but with hazed, out-of-focus eyes, as though being cooped up in the city and temporarily robbed of their distances had also robbed them of their power of sight. The women dressed in stiff garments of black and tan, which gave them the look of Homeric Greeks, while the young girls were the most graceful I'd ever seen, light-footed and nimble as deer, with long floating arms and articulate bodies which turned every movement into a ritual dance. When at rest they stood with narrow hips thrust sideways, instinctively forming a saddle for child or water jar, half shading their eyes with a leaf-brown hand as though still dazzled by the Sierra snows.

Squatting together in the courtyard, on the dung-coated cobbles, we were like a wandering tribe at rest. There would be shouts, cries, snarls, and laughter, mixed with the formal obscenities and blessings.

Old women joined in the shouting with tongues like razors, or sat watchfully chewing with that timeless rhythm of the aged, folding their faces like old felt hats. The children ran free, squirming under the horses, half naked in their grimy vests. The men sat apart, smoking and drinking, mending a sandal or piece of harness, talking ceaselessly together with the dry, throaty rattle of pebbles being rolled down a gulley.

When it rained, I would spend the whole day in their company, sitting under the gallery, watching the heavy sky. The mules steamed gently, the balconies dripped. We drew closer, bored but secure. A woman mended my shirt and folded it up at my feet. Another asked questions about my sisters. A child of eight knelt beside me and peered into the holes of my ears. "María, *tonta*, do not molest the Frenchman!" Sometimes an idiot girl stood weeping in the rain while the men teased and taunted her. The huge eyes puckered, melting with slow, slack tears. She made no attempt to escape.

When night came, the light bulbs were dim and ghostly. People sank back into their shadows. Eyes only were visible, touched by the red of the fires, sleepily slatted like the eyes of bats. Blankets were spread on the stones, families stretched out together—the girls in the center with the younger children. Everyone sighed and settled, curling up on their sides, talk dying with the dying fires. Then nothing would be heard but the occasional shudder of a mule, the sudden wrestling of man and wife.

THE rains stopped, and I went out again with the fiddle and began playing under the dripping palm trees. Málaga was full of foreigners—effeminate Dutch, sandy Germans, mackintoshed Frenchmen, and English debs. I lazily wandered among them, playing tunes of all nations and being rewarded with drinks and money. Most of the visitors, it was clear, were not strangers to each other but formed a snug expatriate colony, moving from table to table, bar to bar, in constantly changing liaisons. The young Germans, a complex and mysterious crowd, outnumbered the rest of the colony. Most seemed to be engaged on inexplicable errands, and few were as poor as they looked. But they were friendly enough.

Then the rains returned, with great black thunderstorms rolling daily in from the sea. So I exchanged the exposure of the open courtyard at the inn for a six-bedded room upstairs, where for a peseta a night one could sleep in damp gray sheets under a bent and dripping roof. My companions were artists from a travelling circus, temporarily stranded by the weather, including an asthmatic ventriloquist who talked in his sleep (and ours), four dwarfs who shared one bed, and a white-whiskered bird-tamer who slept by himself, fully clothed, in top hat and boots.

When December closed in, I decided to hole up for the winter at Castillo, sixty miles east of Málaga. It was a tumbling little village built on an outcrop of rock in the midst of a pebbly delta, backed by a band saw of mountains, and fronted by a gray strip of sand which some hoped would be an attraction for tourists.

There were two hotels, one of them run by an Austrian, who offered me hospitality in return for certain odd-job duties, which included helping in the kitchen, mending doors and windows, and playing the violin in the saloon at night. This hotel was new, but it had been built on the beach, so that the waves broke over the windows and already the fine concrete walls were beginning to crumble, and the proprietor was drawn with worry. Herr Brandt must have been something of a pioneer on the coast, but he'd arrived twenty years too soon, and I found him on the verge of a nervous breakdown, convinced that his investment was at the mercy of anarchists. He was always washing his hands, then washing the soap, and changing all the locks on the doors. But he was resourceful at running his business, and while the neighboring hotel shut down for the winter, he was determined to keep his going, turning its booming rooms into a center for the local gentry, for musical teas, buffet suppers, and dancing.

Castillo itself, built of stone from the delta, was gray, almost gloomily Welsh. The streets were steep, roughly paved, and crossed by crude little arches, while the square was like a cobbled farmyard. Part of the castle was a cemetery, part of the town hall a jail, but past glories were eroding fast. In the days of the Moors, Castillo had been a front-line fortress standing high in the mouth of the delta, guarding the rich river valley that wound up through the Sierra toward the Islamic paradise of Granada. Several centuries later, it was also the point of farewell for the defeated caliphs when they were driven from Spain, and a wave-battered cross standing on an offshore rock celebrated the spot where they sailed away.

Apart from a few merchants, landowners, and officials from Granada, everybody now in the village was poor, and the ruined castle on the hill seemed to serve as a perpetual reminder that not they but someone else had conquered. The peasants had only two ways of living—the sugarcane and the offshore fishing. The strip of dirty gray sand dividing the land from the sea was a frontier between two kinds of poverty. The sugarcane in the delta, rustling dryly in the wind, was a deception even at harvest time, for the best it could offer was a few weeks' work, and in the meantime the men stood idle. But the land was rich compared to the sea, which nourished only a scattering of poor sardines. There were no boats or equipment for deep-sea fishing; the village was chained to the offshore wastes—shallow, denuded, too desperately fished to provide anything but constant reproaches.

As elsewhere on the coast, the villagers were infected with fatalism, a kind of subdued and deliberate apathy. Only sometimes in the eyes of the younger men did one see the violent hopes they lived for. The children, on the other hand, were a different race, inhabiting a brief but confident gaiety—beautiful verminous creatures with strong white teeth and diseased, red-lidded eyes. Prancing about in their rags, snatching what food they could get, they never whined, but lived on charm, were pampered, indulged and smothered with easy love, and punished only for bad manners to strangers.

The wet weather came, the hills disappeared in mist, and the village began to look more like Wales than ever. Gutters splashed and gurgled, people crept about in sacking, and the rain fell solidly.

There were no clients in the hotel, no boats on the sea, so I went like everybody else to the bars. Here I'd find Ricardo the waiter, Felipe the chef, and "Gambas" the crippled porter, and always a group of young fishermen with wet sand on their feet, and a few laborers down from the farms. We drank crude brandy mixed with boiling water, often a cheaper drink than wine, and ate *moros*—little dishes of hot pig flesh, cut from the fat and stewed in sauce.

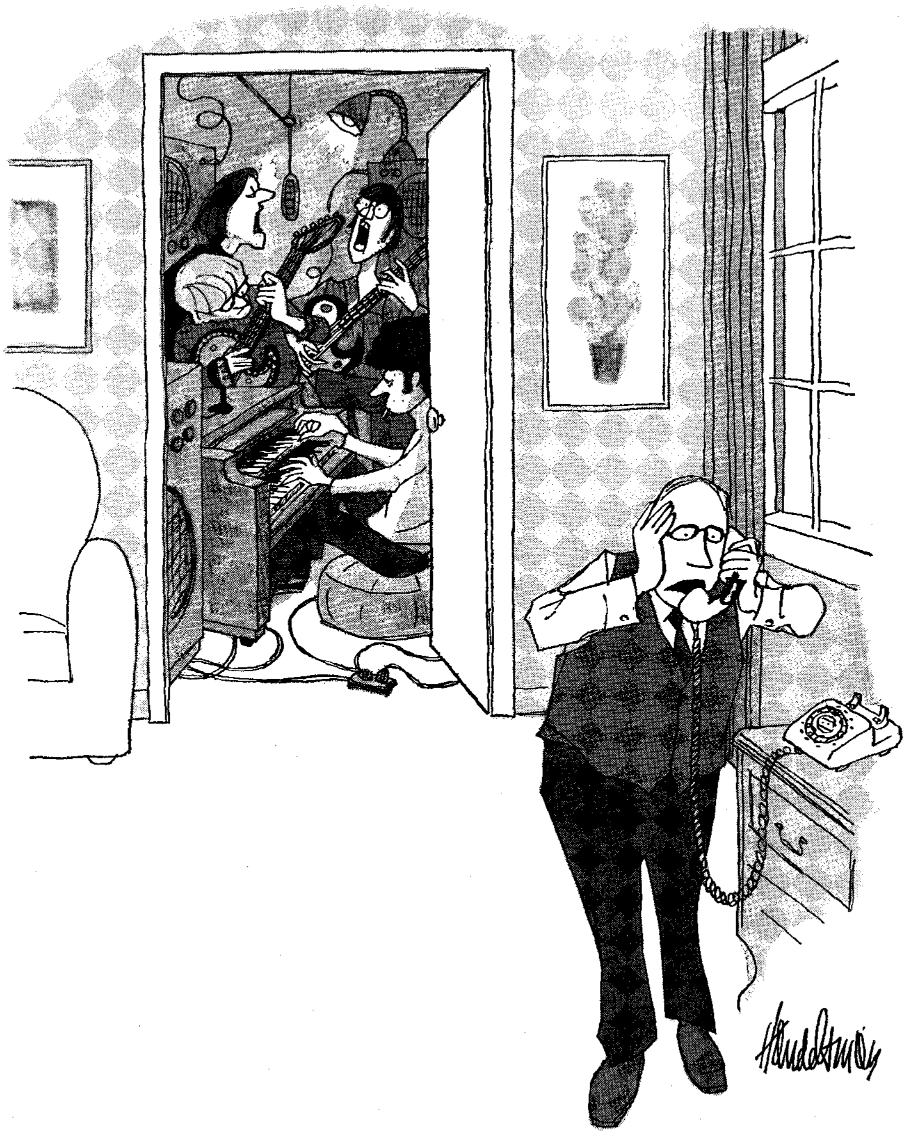
During those cold, soggy days, ducking from bar to bar, one met the usual town eccentrics. There was Ricardo's brother, who always carried a pebble in his mouth because it prolonged the taste of the brandy. And Gregorio, who had trained a sparrow to sip other men's drinks and then carry them back to him by the beakful. When the bird died, said Gregorio, he would weep, weep, weep. Every man in the bar agreed. There was also Pau, a young fisherman who was teaching himself to write by using the tavern wall as a copybook, but sometimes exploded with frustration and beat the wall with his fist till his knuckles ran with blood.

Occasionally a day turned unhealthy, when idleness and ennui led to an outburst of mirthless riot. Then the village idiot would be seized and strapped to a chair and tormented until he screamed. Wine would be poured on his head, or a man would hold him by the ears while another spread his face with mustard. After a session of this, everyone looked flushed and relaxed. Even the Civil Guard would come in to watch.

Ricardo the waiter protected me when I was drunk and humored me like a grandfather. One night, I remember, during a particularly flashy thunderstorm, the sky spitting with electric sparks, he telephoned the lighthouse keeper and asked him to stop fooling about, saying the Englishman didn't like it.

Ricardo was about thirty years old, handsome as a playboy, but moody and idealistic. He was the leader of a group of fishermen and laborers into which I was gradually admitted. We met in a pink-washed room at the back of the bar and talked about the world to come—a world without church or government or army, where each man alone would be his private government. It was a simple, one-syllable view of life, as black-and-white as childhood, and as Ricardo talked the fishermen listened, bobbing their heads up and down like corks. Their fathers had never heard or known such promises. Centuries of darkness stood behind them. Now it was January, 1936, and these things were suddenly thinkable, possible, even within their reach. But first, said Ricardo, there must be death and dissolution; much had to be destroyed and cleared away. Felipe the chef, who liked food and girls, was the pacifier, preaching love and reason. No guns, he said; they dishonored the flesh. And no destruction, which dishonored the mind. Everyone knew, all the same, that there were guns in the village which hadn't been there before.

Life must start clean, Ricardo said, if only for the children's sake. Not till the tyrants had been destroyed and their infection burned from the ground could love and freedom, et cetera . . . His apocalyptic phrases fell like hammer strokes—but every so often the spirit went out of him. Then he would dou-



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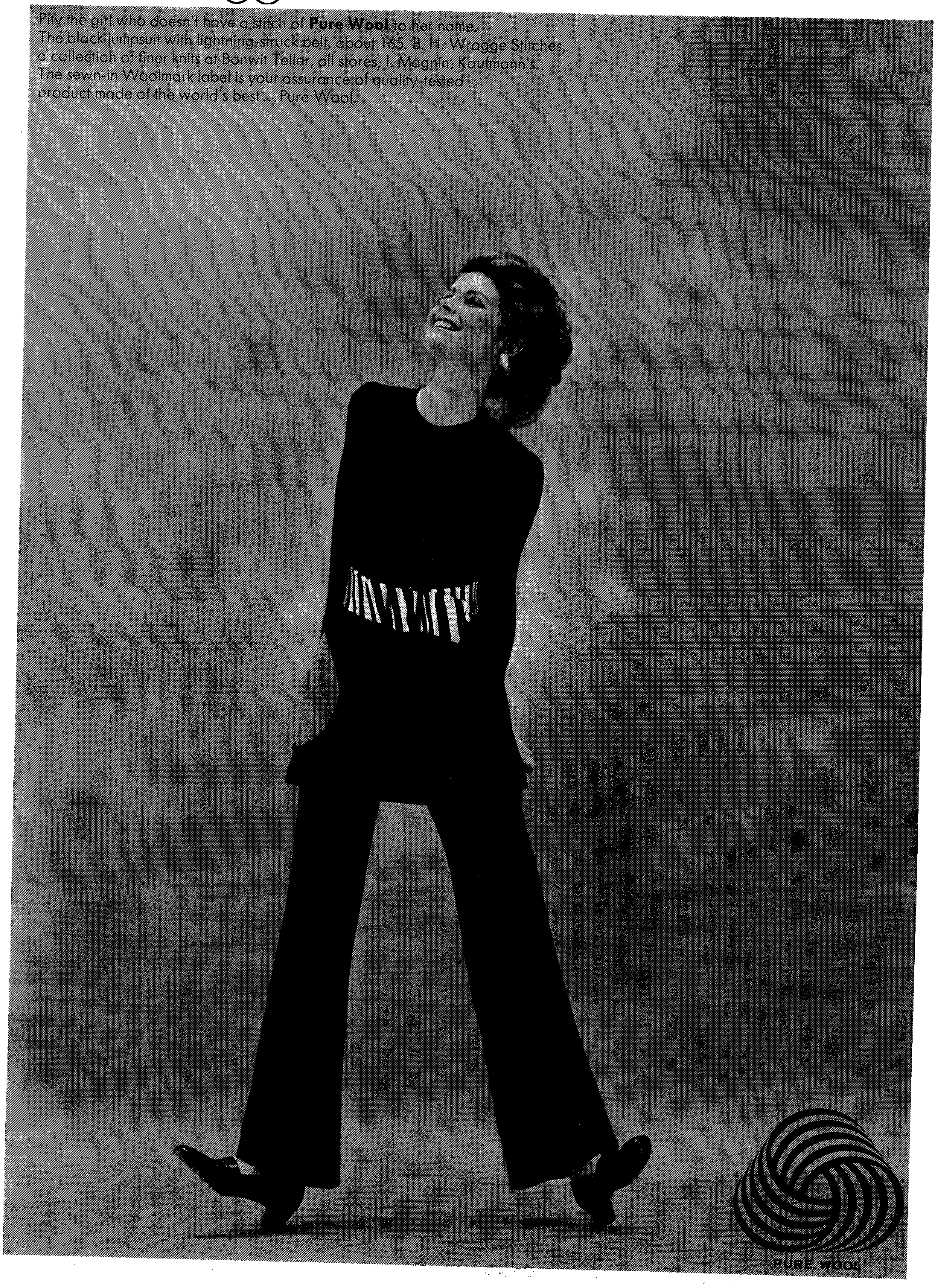

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ble up at the table as if in sudden pain, beating his fists together. "They'll stop us," he'd groan. "They'll bring in the Army. We haven't got a chance. . . . Lorenzo," he said to me, with a touch of shame in his voice, "we are going to need the help of all the world."

IN February came the election, with a victory for the Socialists over the vacillating right-wing government. This was not deliverance—merely a letting up of confusion. An end to years of listening and waiting for something to happen. Suddenly everything was out in the open.

A Popular Front, they said; a People's Government at last. Ricardo went about with his face lit up. The peasants and fishermen stood all day in the plaza, talking more openly now, but tense. The result of the election had given them power, but it was still too hot to grasp. The news, in fact, was not victory for anyone but a declaration of war.

Castillo, like Spain, was split down the middle, and the two sides drew apart, on guard. Little happened at first—the fishermen took over a boat, the peasants commandeered some land. Meanwhile, the owners lay low and sat whispering in the casino, peering through the curtained windows, and waiting.

The flavor of the hotel dances was different now. Gone were the stiff and sweltering little marriage markets, with their chaperons and wax-haired suitors; now the floor was commanded by young fishermen and laborers, casual in sky-blue shirts, who swung their cotton-dressed girls through the stamping foxtrots in an embrace of assured possession. Herr Brandt, more jumpy and nervous than ever, read the signs and admitted them free. They drank the cheap fizzy beer rather than the high-toned sherry, and Ricardo served them with comradely pride. Together with the chef and the porter, he more or less ran the hotel now, and treated Herr Brandt with scrupulous insolence, too proud to rob him, but making it clear all the same that these new clients were the only ones that mattered.

Early one morning, I got word from Ricardo asking me to meet him in a bar. I found him head down in a corner with two comrades from Málaga, diminutive and clerklike men.

"Lorenzo," said Ricardo. "We want you to do something for us."

The strangers looked at me doubtfully. "If he can do it, that is."

"Of course he can do it," said Ricardo. "He has legs like a bull. Mountains are nothing to him."

It was simple enough; they wanted me to take an innocent-sounding message to a farmer up in the hills, telling him when to expect a delivery of seed potatoes—in other words, hand grenades.

"You're always walking about," Ricardo said dryly. "Of course you'll be seen, but no one will wonder."

They drew me a Red Indian map, dotted with rocks and streams and haystacks, with a series of arrows leading through fishbone forests to the lonely farm on the hill. It was about eight miles inland, at the foot of the Sierra—somewhere I'd always wanted to go.

The journey took about three hours, and I saw no one on the way, only congregations of dishevelled storks, which kept dropping out of the sky like windblown umbrellas and stumbling about in disorder. The map was all right as far as it went, but suddenly the path petered out in a bog. I could see the farm just ahead, but I found there was a flooded river between us which Ricardo hadn't bothered to mention.

At that moment, a young man crept out of breast-high reeds as though he'd been expecting me. He gave me a quick, sharp look, then shouted across the river, "He's from Castillo! Send a horse!"

I saw the farmhouse door open and a woman run out. Then a horseman appeared and galloped down the hill. Without drawing rein, he reached the bank of the river, plunged in, and started across toward us. Horse and rider for a moment seemed to sink from sight, but the horse swam low and fast, his wet mouth gaping with enormous teeth, his nostrils snorting for breath. When he reached our side, he rose magnificently from the water and came floundering among the reeds, while the rider slid slowly out of the saddle and stood, grinning, in the mud. "Ignacio," he said. "At your service. Do what I say and you won't get wet."

He turned the horse around, helped me onto its back, and told me to kneel on the wooden saddle. Then he leapt up in front of me, straddling the horse's withers, and advised me to hang on to his belt.

The horse bucked and staggered among the rushes, then seemed to step into a bottomless hole. We sank deep in the river, which seemed as wide as the Congo, and headed back for the other side. The flood raced around us, tossing up pale-green scum, and little waves whipped over the saddle. My boots filled with water and I felt my knees grow cold—it was like floating on top of a cupboard.

The farmer's wife was standing on the bank, and she gave me her apron to dry myself. Then we walked up to the house, where the farmer himself was waiting, a stiff old man in a high-crowned hat. "Blasco Vallegas," he said, removing the hat for a moment and holding it across his stomach. I gave him Ricardo's message, at which he nodded briefly and asked me to stay to lunch.

He led me into the kitchen, where we sat on little chairs and drank wine out of leather cups. The room was a mazy violence of light and shade which dazzled the eyes at first, but slowly the jigsaw began to fit together and the details reveal themselves. The floor was of trodden earth, the furniture shaped by axes, and chickens perched, blinking, on the backs of the chairs. A pig slept in one corner, and a girl knelt in another, burning her head with a lighted candle.

"My daughter," said Blasco. "She molests herself."

THE weeks leading toward summer were hot and steely, and except for the radios in the bars, crackling with political speeches, the village seemed entirely cut off from the world. The coast road to Málaga lay empty in the sun. Few people went anywhere, the air of listening returned, and the mountains moved closer, like a ring of bayonets. A slow brew of expectation simmered over the houses, raising poisonous bubbles that exploded every so often in little outbreaks of irrelevant violence.

First, the ice plant was sabotaged and the power station blown up—both of which belonged to a marquis. In spite of the inconvenience, everyone seemed to enjoy these gestures, and the whiff of dynamite was considered a tonic. A number of shops were looted, their windows broken, and the word "BOICOT" painted across the doors; a few stray priests were insulted in the streets, and a store of wine barrels rolled into the sea. Next, a group of old women went to the house of the tax

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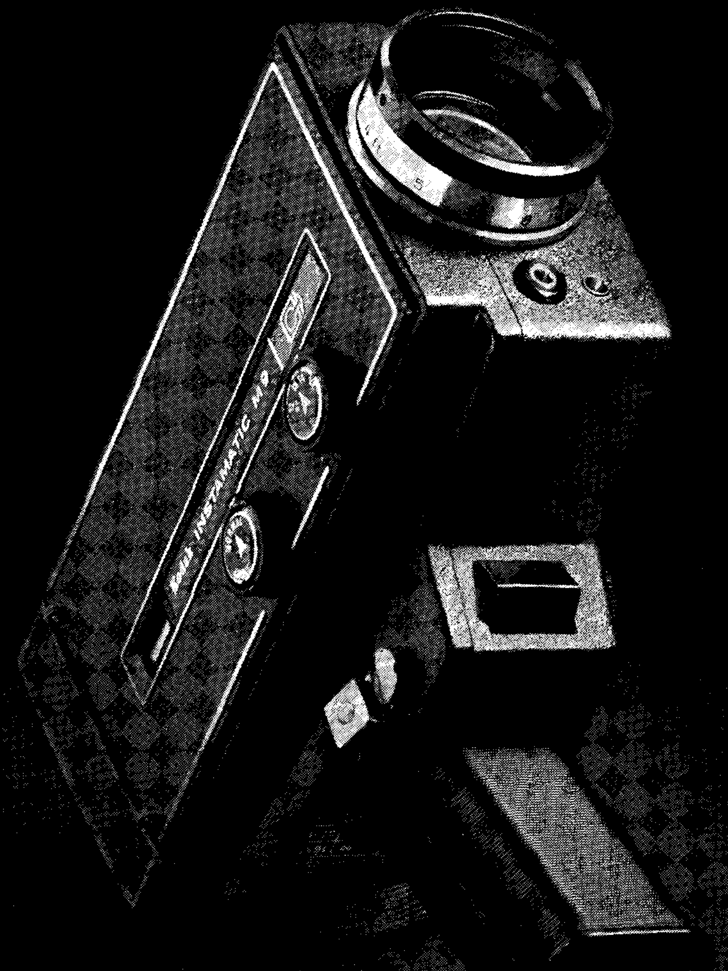

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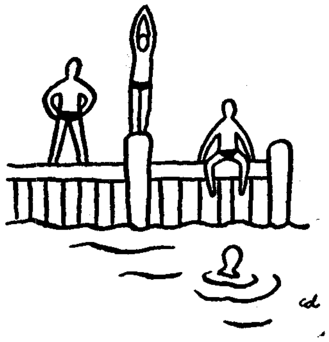
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

collector and tossed his furniture into the street, after which they piled him and his wife on top of a cart and drove them out of town.

Then one morning the church was set on fire. "They've done it at last!" cried Ricardo. We hurried through the streets, which were full of the sweet scent of woodsmoke, and joined the villagers crowding the square. The church tower was blazing like a cardboard box, and most of the watchers seemed in a state of rapture. I remember the faces of the fishermen, awed but beaming, and their satisfied grunts at each burst of flame. Sensing the mood of their fathers, the children ran wild, bombarding the church with showers of stones. Only the women stayed silent, squinting sideways at their men, waiting for some stroke of doom to fall.



A week later came Feast Day, and a quick change of heart. The smoke-blackened church was filled with lilies. The images of Christ and the Virgin were brought out into the sunlight and loaded as usual onto the fishermen's backs. As the procession moved by, a peasant tore off his cap and threw himself on his knees with outspread arms.

It was a day of tears and breast-beating, a day of contrition. The invincible Christ had risen again—the private Christ of Castillo, scorched and defiled yet returning to forgive His sons. Rocking, swaying, borne on rafts of wild iris, the holy images passed in triumph, preceded by the plump, red-bonneted, skirted priests, and the young girls with their trays of petals.

All was normal again. A brass band played. Rich and poor mixed their cries together. The peasants knelt with bowed heads or raised their contorted faces. "*María, salvame!*" Profanity, sacrilege, had been a passing madness. This was the Faith as it had always been.

A few days later, the church was fired again, and this time burned to a shell.

It was now the middle of May, and tension increased in the village as the news from Madrid grew more threatening and vague. To the peasants of Castillo, the visionary promises of February seemed to have dried up in the heat. There were strikes, parades, shows of proletarian force, boys and girls marching in colored shirts, arms raised in salute, clenched fists and slogans, painted banners and challenging speeches.

When there was a strike, it was total, enforced by the police, and the fishermen picketed the sea. One saw rich old women dragging their laundry to the river, or queuing up at the village wells. At the hotel, the chambermaids sat gossiping in the sun, while the chef stayed home with his wife; Herr Brandt did the cooking, wrapped in Ricardo's apron, and the guests had to put up with unmade beds.

Each day, more peasants came in from the country, massing in the square to be on hand for trouble. Many of them brought guns slung over their shoulders, sticking out of their waistbands, or tied to the saddles of donkeys—flintlocks, pistols, and old rusty muskets which might have been saved from the Peninsular War.

The split village now emerged in clearer focus and its two factions declared themselves, confronting each other at last in black and white—labelled, for convenience, "Fascist" or "Communist." The Fascists seemed ready to accept the name, this being frankly what they aspired to, with the Falange already organized as a fighting group, a swaggering spearhead of upper-class vengeance, whose crude Fascist symbols, Italian-inspired, were now appearing on walls and doorways.

The "Communist" label, on the other hand, was too rough-and-ready, a clumsy reach-me-down which properly fitted no one. The farm laborers, the fishermen, the handful of industrial workers all had local but separate interests. Each considered his struggle to be far older than Communism, to be something exclusively Spanish, part of a social perversion which he alone could put right by reason of his roots in this particular landscape. In fact, I don't remember meeting an official Communist in Castillo—though "Communism" was a word in the bars. Ricardo, who was a leader, had no political status at all but was a romantic anarchist of his own invention. The local flag of revolution was the Republican flag, the flag of the elected government. The peasants strung it like a banner across the town-hall balcony and painted their allegiance beneath it in red: "We swear to defend this *bandera* with the last drop of our blood."

One lunchtime I met Ricardo in the

street on his way back from a meeting, and he laid a shaking hand on my shoulder. "Are you going?"

"Where?"

"Home to England."

"No."

"The roads are still open if you want to go. . . ."

That morning a group of Falangists in the neighboring village had walked into a bar and shot five fishermen. The murderers, wearing armbands, escaped in a car.

In the afternoon, with a friend, I walked out into the country. Daylight nightingales were singing by the river. The air was brassy, thunderous, and only a thread of brown water ran trickling down the riverbed. Some girls we knew had been gathering poppies in the fields, and now they came down the path toward us, walking slowly in the heat, the flowers wilting at their breasts, looking as though their bodies had been raked by knives.

An hour or so later, we returned by another path and found two children standing under a bridge. They stood stiffly, holding hands, staring at the figure of a man who lay sprawled on the riverbank. We recognized him as a local Falangist, a boy of about twenty, whose father had once been mayor. He had been shot through the head, and lay staring back at the children, flies gathering around his mouth.

—LAURIE LEE

•

On Monday morning Prof. and Mrs. John Lindlof and Kenneth fled from Bangor, Maine, near Orono, to Kennedy Airport to fly via Iceland to Italy where Professor Lindlof will conduct a conference on the new math.—*Cambridge (N.Y.) Washington County Post.*

It's hard to find sanctuary in Bangor.

•

As for welfare, the chapter affirmed its support of the national ADA position seeking "establishment of a guaranteed annual income for all who cannot cause pollution, including deep mines and oil and gas wells."—*Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette-Mail.*

Good program. Shouldn't cost much, either.

•

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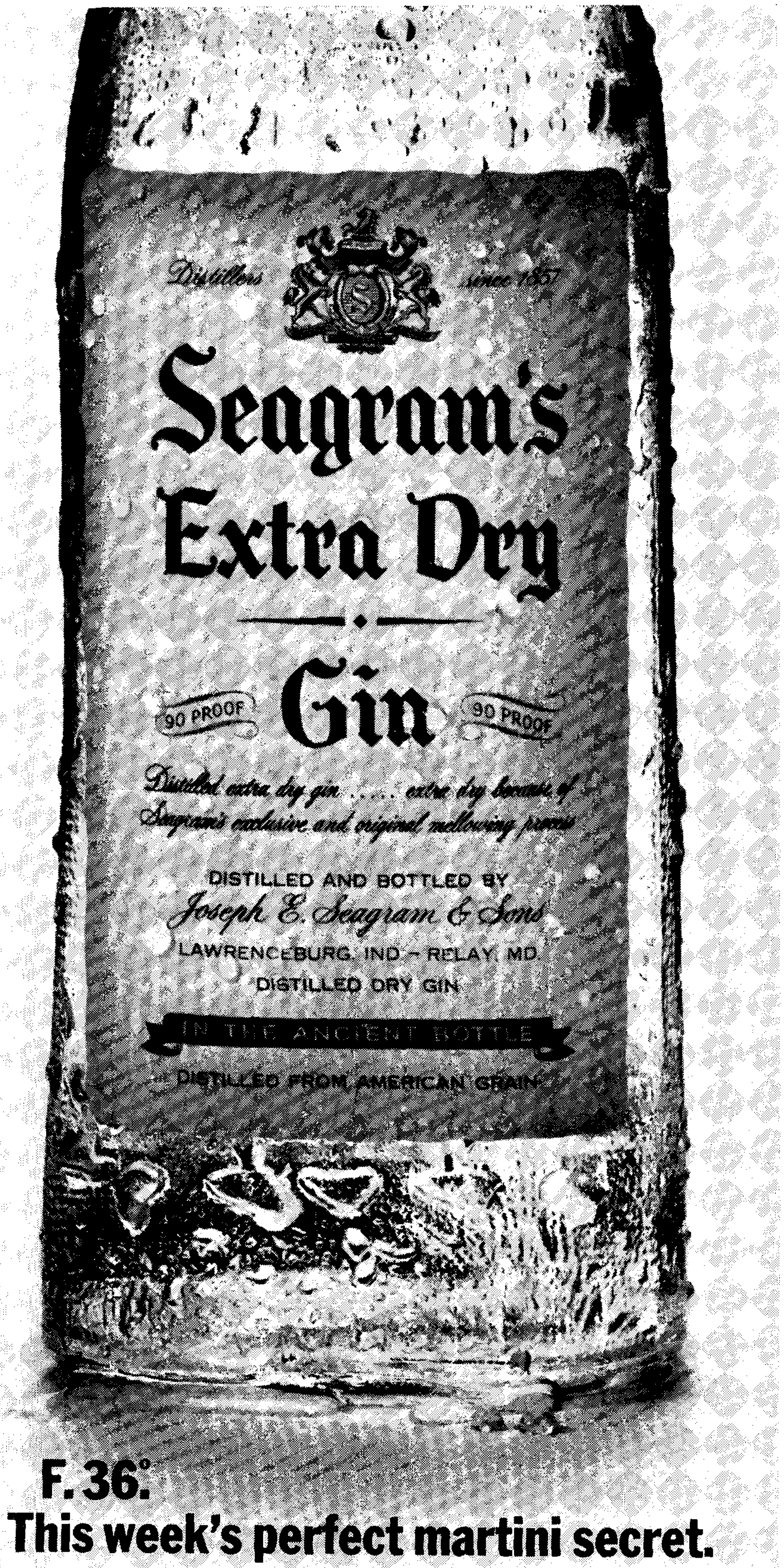
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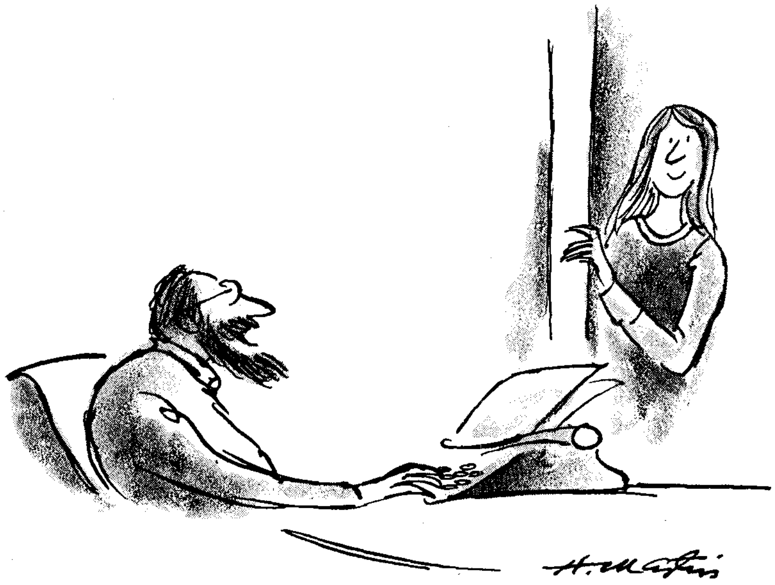
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

### *Mukel Swink*

ROBERT DOWNEY'S "Putney Swope" has a good title. For some reason, it made me think of "mukel swink"—words that come up in the Middle English Mystery Plays. "A man of mukel swink." A man of much toil. The wretched Putney Swope, played by Arnold Johnson, is a worn-out-looking black expected to be an energizing force because of his color. He gets elected head of an advertising agency, called Truth & Soul, Inc., by the sort of mistake that can hoist nonentities to high political office. Black or white, everyone at the board table votes for him because everyone thinks no one else will. An even more worn-out-looking white, called Nathan, drooping like a highbred rose in a smoke-filled room, tells him hopelessly that it's a terrible job. Other men at the table say patronizingly that he'll make a great chairman if he stays in line. "The changes I'm going to make will be minimal," Putney says honestly, flushed with a version of the modern statesman's special sense of powerfulness when he is going to do as little as possible. "I'm not going to rock this boat." Some phantasmic revolutionary spirit then kicks in him for a second, and he says wildly that he's going to *sink* the boat. He is seen next in African robes, elocuting a rhetorical slogan that goes, "You can't change nothing with rhetoric and slogans." Growingly muddled but clinging to spryness, he throws his weight around in the agency. Blackboards seen in the background at meetings show the way his mind is working. He will do his exhausted damnedest to keep things exactly as they are by giving them more calming labels if the public shows signs of fret. With Worth-It Life Insurance and Lucky Airlines, he seems on to something.

"Mr. Swope," says a white yes-man, playing bravely with Mr. Swope's own pencil to show strength of character, "I do exactly the same job as everyone else, and I don't get paid as much. That doesn't seem fair." "If I gave you a raise," says Swope, "I'd have to give everybody else a raise and we'd be back where we started." The white says he hadn't ever thought of it that way. "And *that*," says Swope, clinching it, "is why you get less money. Because you don't *think*." There are one or two sweet passages of false logic in the film—scraps of dialogue that might have caught the ear of Waugh, who knew as much as any wit of our century about both the ancient, sanctioned skills of casuistry and the modern forms of success-with-the-boss by voluntary missings of the point. Swope's effect on his employees is like the effect of Waugh's Lord Copper, the newspaper magnate who surrounded himself with voices to say "Definitely, Lord Copper" when they meant "Yes," and "Up to a point, Lord Copper" when they meant "No," the difference being that Swope's air of freebooting command is slightly cockeyed and seems bluffed. You feel he probably stays awake a lot at night worrying in secret. Seen occasionally in the film in revolutionary circumstances, with fellow-blacks gunning for change by this man who has simply been landed in a very staid seat, he fumbles along in the same old way, and grasps sometimes at a spot of radical farce to cheer himself up. He makes a commercial that shows a black girl in a gold lamé minidress prancing around a tenement. "You can't eat an air-conditioner," says the ad gaily before plugging "a new experience in 'lectric fans." Miss Redneck of New Jersey ("Five foot four, with blond hair and matching collar and cuffs"), who works in a restaurant and majored in philosophy, is asked to tell TV audiences in twenty-five words or less what her philosophy is. The distraught girl, thinking strenuously, forgets she is in a pie commercial and says, "Confidentially"—I like "confidentially"—"I think that every person of all race, color, and creed should get a piece of the action." She needs a lot of prompts to say "a piece of the pie."

"Putney Swope" jibs at form. Wild jokes come up and disappear without a trace, like the arms of jocular swimmers signalling hello far, far out from the beach. Some of the cock-a-hoop inventions work; some don't. Downey has a very special sense of humor, but it wouldn't be anywhere near right to say that he is funny only when he knows where to stop. Sometimes, though not always, he is funniest exactly when he does go too far and piles it on insanely. In one of his earlier films, for instance, there was a brief scene with a big naked lady, a gorilla, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; any two of them, she thinks solemnly, wouldn't have been up to much, but the fact that Downey did pile all three on top of one another went too far in a fine way. There are things in this new film that do the same, and others that go too far in a wan way. (I don't necessarily mean the cheeky bits or the lewd bits. A startled reply that a black in a breakfast-cereal commercial makes to the sales gobbledygook on the commentary cracks me up. Downey anticipates trouble from quibblers, anyway. "*Gourmet* magazine calls Putney's ads tasteless," says the film. One of Swope's own aides says severely that he is confusing obscenity with originality. "Your mother had a creative idea when she bore you, and you had to go and blow that," he says witheringly.) The scenes that one withdraws from aren't even exactly definable as the moments when Down-



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ey falls into the Surrealists' old trap of trying too hard, for he doesn't seem to be trying particularly hard at all. The feeling of the film is more like being in the company of a crackerjack talker who makes way-out puns and lunges—some deadening, some brilliant, with a germ of fool's sageness here and there, and also with the very special appeal of buffoonery. The buffoon is a man who hasn't a notion what you're thinking of him. In American comedy writing, trained for so long by Broadway and by TV laugh shows to fit in with audience response like man and wife, there is a liberating sort of funniness about a humor that is unlivable with, that stays quite deaf to others and drops its old socks all over the floor. When I was seeing the film for a second time, at an afternoon show, midweek in the rain, with an audience of blacks and whites who were handing out laughs enraptured by the kicks at cant whenever they worked, it was like being at a party invaded by a cheerful, impossible boozer who alternately bores offended people into the ground and revives them by the sheer intentness of his ambition to swipe enough of the nobs' cocktail canapés to see him through another starving week. Some of Downey's film is lousy. Some of it has a peculiar surreal opportunism and rudeness to his hosts—to the party, to the payers, to the American economy—that work blissfully. The film comes out politically as a wit's mishmash of élitist-Communist-nihilist, which probably suits the mood of a good many audiences in America at the moment. It is sophisticated, anti-capitalist, heedless, distractible, with a Geiger-counter ear for cruelties hallowed by custom (a man carrying a huge metal object is sent down thirty-odd stories to take the freight elevator—the innovation being that he is white and the order comes from a black). Downey's monkey-on-a-stick humor, paced to a new upper crust of the quick-witted but non-competitive, and inaccessible to anyone not in the know, expresses something specific about this moment and this place's mood. "Things Are Changing," says a placard in Swope's office. No, says the film, things aren't, and they won't, not by a long chalk—not if we only shuffle places and keep the armchairs the same. And, along with saying that, the film sends itself up for saying anything at all, and simply enjoys—for instance—its idea of a character called Sister Basilica, a nice chain-smoking nun who is eager to impress the agency by introducing a child orphan called Billy. "If you want to be his pal," she announces, "all you have to do is fill in the necessary papers." "Why don't you just adopt me and get it over with?" says the awful, scathing child to the fawning grownups, going on to leave them with a line aimed at the hearts of all of them and shooting home the film's underlying thought about how to sort out the mayhem of bigotry and phony dissent it describes. "Whatever you do," says the kid, with nasty shrewdness, "don't do it out of guilt."

Philip Saville's "The Best House in London" is a hardworking and amiable English jape about the licentiousness of the great Victorians, with joke appearances by people like Prince Albert, Elizabeth Barrett, Darwin, Tennyson, Thackeray, and Dickens in a story about a posh brothel. The point is that the prudes and thunderers of the English nineteenth century were hypocrites who really had a very good time. Well, yes.

"La Chamade," the other barely speakable film of the week, is from a Françoise Sagan story. Catherine Deneuve, as the mistress of a rich, older lover, comes down a rung or two—as far as she could in such a film—to run off with a poor, younger lover, leaving behind a lot of Yves St. Laurent dresses and taking only a few Yves St. Laurent skirts and sweaters. After ages, she gets scared of work, rows, and pregnancy, and goes back to the older lover, who is just fastening his cufflinks before going out in a dinner jacket to a salon performance of her favorite Mozart sonata. He loves her still, which is lucky after all this time, and he is going alone, which is also lucky after all this time. She says she hasn't a thing to wear, but her old Yves St. Laurent dresses are beautifully pressed, and she even finds the right matching evening bag and shoes, so everything ends splendidly. The director's name is crossed out in red on the publicity credit lists. I can't imagine what agonizing eventual disagreement there could have been about a story initially so daft anyway; the man who wants to stay out of it did a perfectly good job, given the visible conditions, and Catherine Deneuve is so beautiful that it is possible to watch her and forget everything, as if she were a brook or a cat.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

McGolrick says he "bought this land 20 years ago for nothing. It's worth 10 times what it cost."—*Washington Post.*

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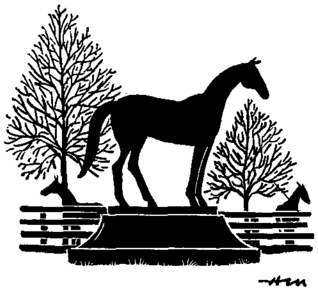
# THE RACE TRACK

## *Oh, Those Fillies!*

THE favorite advice of a Milesian horse coper I once knew was "My boy, never trust the mares." On the form book, the meeting of Gallant Bloom and Shuvee in the Delaware Oaks at Delaware Park last Saturday looked the most promising event of the weekend. Gallant Bloom had won her last six starts, and Shuvee had made an easy sweep of the Triple Crown for Fillies, so one could hardly be blamed for great expectations. Well, Gallant Bloom finished second, though she was later moved into first place after a disqualification, and Shuvee was fourth, sixteen lengths or so behind. According to my trusted observer on the spot, Gallant Bloom was always in a good position and was going well for most of the mile and a furlong, but Pit Bunny, a lively number with nine pounds' advantage in the weights, cut the corner on the turn for home, bumped Gallant Bloom repeatedly in the run through the stretch, and went on to pass the post more than a length to the good. A claim of foul followed, and the stewards ordered the placings reversed. Shuvee, I'm told, looked dull in the saddling paddock, and was never in the picture.



Quite as surprising as the result of the race were the prices in the mutuels. Gallant Bloom paid $3.40 straight, $2.80 place, and $7.20 show; Pit Bunny paid $5.40 place and $19.60 show; and White Xmass paid $26 show. The reason for this was that the Man with the Black Bag, as he is called, sent it in on Shuvee to show, and since she finished out of the money, the payoffs for third were built up out of all proportion. This character, who actually carries a black bag, appears now and then in Maryland and Jersey and wagers thousands of dollars on horses he evidently thinks stand out. He bets them to show. The show pool on the Delaware Oaks was $37,000, of which $30,000 was on Shuvee. How much of it was the Black Bag Man's money can only be guessed.

THE Sorority Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, at Monmouth last weekend was a rough-and-tumble affair, with claims of foul but no disqualifications. It seems that the Jersey jockeys didn't think much of six boys' coming down from New York to take mounts in the race, and showed it by their tactics. For the record, Box the Compass, the favorite, won in a driving finish from Royal Crisis and Ashua.

FORT MARCY was his old self in the Tidal Handicap at the Big A last Saturday. He apparently enjoyed feeling the squishy turf underfoot, for he didn't have much trouble catching Baitman, the pacemaker, to whom he gave sixteen pounds, and beating him by half a length. Hawaii, South Africa's top horse last season, was third; he has improved in looks no end since he was released from quarantine several months ago. Then he was just a bag of bones. Fifty thousand people came out to Aqueduct for a final chance to get even, and they bet $5,123,816, but they didn't have much luck with favorites. Only two won. The day before, however, a few aficionados got Saratoga money when Nos. 10 and 2 won the double, which paid $1,300.40.

AS notable a performance as any all week, I'd say, was that of Petrone in the Sunset Handicap, at two miles on the turf, which brought the season at Hollywood Park to a close. Carrying 124 pounds and giving big weight, the French five-year-old was slow at the beginning, and some observers wondered if he'd ever get going, but when he did he mowed down the leaders and went on to win by more than three lengths. Incidentally, his time of 3:18 set an American record. It also beat Kelso's record of 3:19⅕ on the dirt track at Aqueduct set in the Jockey Club Gold Cup five years ago. I wouldn't be surprised if Petrone had a go at the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris in October.

BIDDING was brisk at the Keeneland Yearling Sales in Lexington last week, two hundred and ninety-nine potential champions going under the hammer for $7,684,000. Bert Martin, a Californian who had been a liberal buyer in the past, paid the top price—$210,000, for a colt by Round Table out of Vestment. Fair enough.

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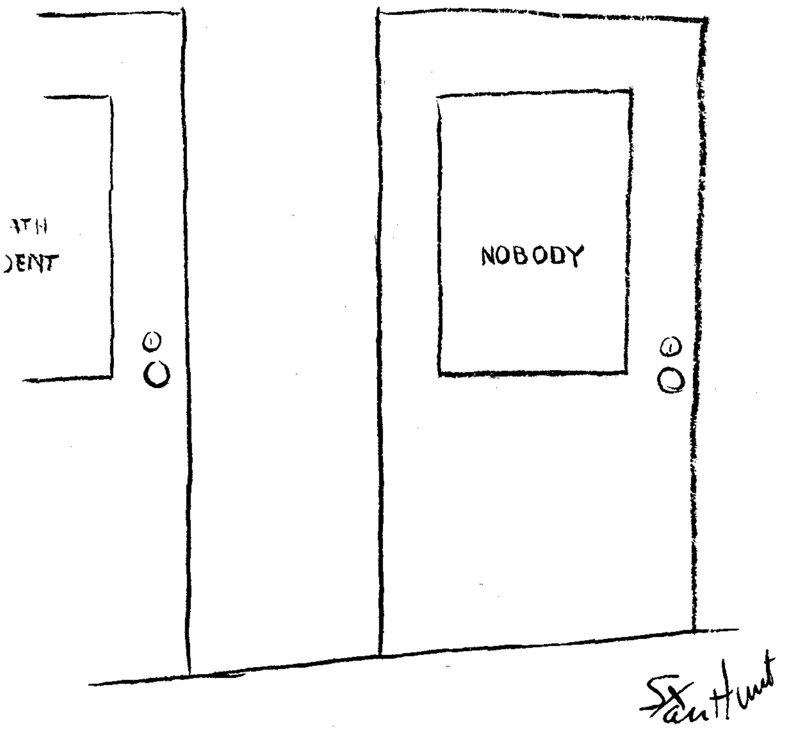
# LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

JULY 28

ON the morning of the splashdown last Thursday, there were so many more cars than usual at the Manned Spacecraft Center, near Houston, that visitors were parking bumper to bumper almost as far away as the main gate, half a mile from the nearest buildings. Earlier that day, a group of workmen had started setting up fenceposts in a wide swath around the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, with a single strand of white rope looping from post to post all the way around; at each dip of the rope they hung a white sign with red letters reading, "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. LUNAR RECEIVING LABORATORY QUARANTINE AREA." At the back of the building, a white tank truck pulled up to unload liquid nitrogen, which would be used for washing the rock boxes and for some later experiments on the samples; the nitrogen was three hundred and twenty degrees below zero, according to a yellow warning sign on the truck, and white vapor steamed off the vehicle into the Texas heat. Around noon on Friday, a small white panel truck with government license plates and glass sides, escorted by some white station wagons belonging to the Space Center, quietly drove to the rear of the L.R.L. and entered a sky-blue door. As soon as the truck had passed through, the door shut behind it. The first rocks had arrived from the moon.

WITH the arrival of the moon samples, the focus of attention at the Space Center has moved from the Mission Control Room, which was the headquarters for the flight, to the L.R.L., where the samples are being studied by twenty-six scientists. This shift in interest pleases the scientists at the Space Center, for before and during the mission many of them felt that they were being elbowed aside by the engineers, who were running the show, and some were huffy because the engineers allowed no scientist anywhere near the Mission Control Room once the flight had started. The slight was felt so keenly because most scientists tend to regard engineers as a lower form of life to begin with. One scientist whose feelings were hurt rationalized matters by saying, "On the first trip to the moon, engineering may be the most important part, because nobody has been to the moon before, and the means of getting there are new. However, we can't keep on going back to the moon for the sake of engineering alone, so science will have to supply the reason if we go again." The twenty-six scientists who are getting first crack at the samples make up the Preliminary Examination Team, or PET. One of them, an Australian geochemist named Dr. Robin Brett, described part of the team for me the other day. "There's Robert Smith, a petrologist, who is fantastic on volcanic rocks," he said. "And Ed Chao, who's done just about everything that can be done with impact rocks. And Ray Wilcox, who's expert at looking at a rock through a plain, ordinary microscope and saying what it is. Then there's Ross Taylor, a New Zealander, who's a pro on optical-emission spectroscopy, which is still something of an art these days." Another of the PET geologists, a lanky young man from Idaho named Dr. William R. Greenwood, who is reported to be a whiz on metamorphic rocks, said confidently, "The PET will be able to recognize just about everything." (Even so, the PET scientists will make only a preliminary evaluation of the samples, which will then be turned over to another group of scientists, the Principal Investigators, for a more detailed analysis.) Most geologists who think about the moon—among them Dr. Greenwood—believe that it is, or was, a hot, volcanic body, like the earth. Other selenologists, such as Dr. Harold C. Urey and Mr. Thomas Gold, have maintained that the moon's features were formed not by volcanoes but by meteors, and these men—the impact men—have tended to be not geologists but astronomers, physicists, and chemists. Dr. Urey, a chemist (Nobel Prize), believed before the flight that the rock boxes from the Apollo 11 flight would prove to contain a good deal of smashed, impacted material. At the moment, the geologists who have held that volcanism formed the moon's features feel that they are in the ascendancy. What everyone at the Space Center wants is more moon trips. Dr. Brett said recently, "Imagine yourself in the year 2200—a time when the present will be only as long ago as the beginning of the eighteenth century is now. Can you imagine the people then looking back at us and saying, 'That was the time when people were taking trips to the moon and sending unmanned spacecraft to the planets—and then it all stopped'? I can't see that happening, except for one of two reasons: either in the interim we will have passed through more Dark Ages or we will have investigated the moon and the planets and found that they weren't worth any further effort. But first we have to investigate."

The staff of the L.R.L. began unpacking the rock boxes this past weekend, and they expected that the job would take about two weeks to complete. According to Dr. Brett, not all the geologists here are excited about looking at a piece of the moon. He says that there are some who feel that the moon is irrelevant to their work, and that others have told him that simply identifying minerals—which is what the PET geologists are doing—doesn't appeal to them. But, Dr. Brett says, most geologists would give their right arm to take a crack at the moon rocks, and that is the feeling among the PET geologists, all twenty-six of whom last weekend crowded



around to watch a technician opening the boxes in a vacuum chamber. Before the boxes entered the vacuum chamber, they were successively baked under ultraviolet light, sprayed with paracetic acid, and dried with nitrogen. Then a technician, working through a pair of space-suit gloves set into one side of the chamber, began to open the boxes—very hard work, because the air pressure outside the vacuum chamber had inflated the gloves, and manipulating them took so much strength that the technician had to be replaced at least every half hour. A few days earlier, Dr. Elbert King, the thirty-five-year-old curator of the L.R.L., had said that he expected to be a little nervous the first time he walked up to the scientific observers' port—a glass porthole six inches in diameter cut into the side of the metal chamber. He said, "As far as I am concerned, this is the most exciting thing that's happened in the history of science." Anticipating the most exciting event in the history of science a few days before it occurred, Dr. King said, "I'll be so happy if I can just recognize anything at all—say, a chunk of feldspar. I'll check the rocks right off for texture, diversity, and size. There's a whole list of things we'll look for as soon as we see the rocks, such as the percentage of fine material, and how big the largest stone is. Also, I'll be looking for a suitable sample to send to the radiology lab and a suitable sample for the biologists." After each of the PET scientists has had his first look at the rock boxes, a technician will dust off each rock with a small brush and then put the sample on an elevator and raise it up to the observers' port. Dr. King said that this was when the real geology would start, because when the samples were still in the boxes they were more than a foot and a half away, but once a sample was on the little elevator the geologists would be able to look at it through a binocular microscope and, in addition, the sample would be photographed automatically from six different angles. Dr. Brett said a few days ago, "One of the first questions about any rock will be: Is it volcanic or meteoritic, or even sedimentary? Often, one quick look will settle that."

One quick look for Dr. Brett actually means a thorough examination of any crystals in the rock and of its porosity, grain size, and mineralogical composition, he explained, and he went on, "Then, if the rock looks volcanic, we'll ask if it looks like any terrestrial volcanic rock, and if not, why not?" A

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technician will filter all the smaller material, from small pebbles down to the tiniest fleck of powder, through a series of graded sieves, separating them according to size, and after each sample has been examined he will seal it away in an aluminum vacuum container, in case the vacuum in the chamber should fail. Dr. Brett said that the preliminary reports would sound quite dry and technical, because the geologists would be leaning over backward just to give facts, and no speculation. "But you can bet that we'll be talking over all kinds of things among ourselves," he added. Neither Dr. Brett nor Dr. King expected to get much sleep in the next week or so, because they would both be glued to the observers' port.

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ANOTHER member of PET is Dr. Donald Flory, a young geochemist, who said the other day, "I think the basic question at the back of everyone's mind, whether he says so or not, is whether there has ever been life on the moon." Dr. Flory went on to explain that he would be looking for traces of organic compounds in the samples, and, consequently, would keep a sharp eye out for any non-basaltic rock that was darker than the others, because a darker rock might contain carbonaceous, or organic, material. "If I see anything that looks like a fossil in the vacuum chamber, I'll latch on to that, too," Dr. Flory added hopefully. He would examine any dark rocks under a mass spectrometer, he said, keeping an eye out for hydrocarbons, which most scientists now believe to be the first link in the chain leading to life. There are a good many links in the chain before it gets to anything close to being alive, and Dr. Flory said that if there were any hydrocarbons it would be particularly interesting to see how far they had developed along the chain, and to try to determine why the process leading to life was cut off. Dr. Flory was fairly optimistic about the chances of finding the most basic form of hydrocarbon in the lunar material, for it is agreed that the substance may be fairly common in the universe.

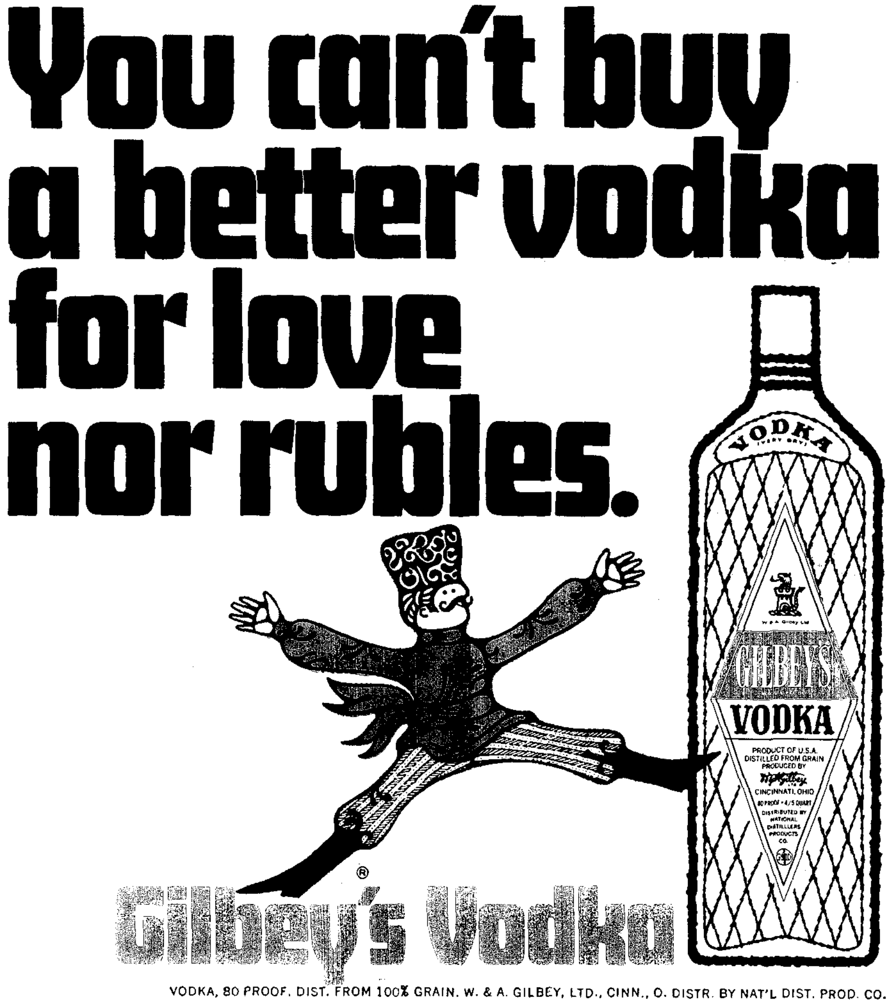
The quest for life elsewhere in the solar system recently received a setback when Dr. King managed to get a chondrite—one of those meteorites that seem to contain organic material—into the vacuum chamber at the Lunar Receiving Laboratory within a hundred hours of the time it fell to earth. When Dr. Flory examined it, he found, to his surprise, that it contained almost no carbonaceous material. The inference to be drawn from this discovery was that the organic material in carbonaceous chondrites that had lain around the earth for some time before they were picked up came from earthly contamination. Dr. King's chondrite, which he brought back from Mexico this spring, provided something of a dry run for the PET scientists, and one point that it drove home to Dr. Flory was the extremely tiny amounts of organic material that he might be called upon to deal with in the lunar samples. Dr. King's chondrite had an infinitesimal quantity of organic material—about three parts per billion.

Accordingly, Dr. Flory grew quite worried about the astronauts' boots, which had blue ripple soles made of silicone rubber—an organic compound. He said that if the astronauts had deposited just ten parts per billion of organic material on the moon's surface as they scuffed along, he would be very hard put to it to isolate the three parts per billion that he thought really belonged there. Since the three parts per billion in Dr. King's chondrite could perfectly well have come from earthly contamination during the one hundred hours before he got it to the vacuum chamber, Dr. Flory said, the whole question of whether there was organic material elsewhere in the solar system was completely unresolved. The week before the astronauts returned, Dr. Flory was on the telephone talking to the space-suit people to see if they couldn't change the material in the astronauts' boots before the next flight.

SOMETHING that Dr. King is especially looking forward to is a three- or four-day period, probably in the middle of September, when he will personally hand over a piece of moon to each of the Principal Investigators, or P.I.s, who will be doing special research projects on the sample. Nobody is to get very much of the moon, and, indeed, some investigators are to get so little—a speck of dust or so—that what they will be handed are tiny phials whose bottoms taper to a point, so that the speck of moon will be easy to find. However small the sample, each P.I. will sign for it before Dr. King hands it to him (the samples are too precious to be entrusted to the mails), and each will be expected to return, within six months, what he does not use in his experiments. One reason Dr. King is looking forward to distributing the samples is that he's a Principal Investigator himself. "I'm just as anxious to get my sample as any of the other P.I.s," he says. "That's where the real science will come in."

One of the things he would like to do is to catalogue his selection of particles by size, shape, and color, for it is possible that by cataloguing them in this manner he may someday be able to identify particles as coming from different areas, such as the highlands, the lowlands, and even specific craters. Any sliver of moon Dr. Urey gets he and two young associates will examine for isotopic abundances; another P.I., Dr. Chao, has requested a shattered and shocked rock (if there is one), to study by X-ray; and a third, Dr. C. Ponnamperuma, of the Ames Research Center, in California, will follow up Dr. Flory's preliminary search for organic material by analyzing a sample for amino acids, nucleic acids, sugars, and fatty acids. Dr. Brett doesn't expect the samples to answer every question about the moon, even after they have been subjected to all the P.I.s' mass spectrometers, microscopes, and X-ray devices. In fact, he feels that the samples will stir up more questions than they answer. About three months after the P.I.s receive their samples, they will meet at a conference—in December or January—to announce the results of their investigations. "That conference ought to be a blockbuster," Dr. King says.

FOR many observers, the most gratifying part of the moon flight was how quickly Armstrong and Aldrin demonstrated that men could operate easily and effectively on the lunar surface—a matter of some importance at the Space Center, which wasn't built to put only two men on the moon. In the view of Dr. Brett (and almost everyone else), the walk on the moon went off in such splendid accord with everyone's hopes that its most important aspect was the number of fears it proved groundless. The astronauts did not sink deep into lunar dust, they did not have trouble keeping their balance in one-sixth gravity, and the lunar dust they tracked into the lunar module with them did not explode upon contact with oxygen, as some geologists once thought it might. About the only surprise—a pleasant one—was that the moon ground proved a good deal solider than even the most optimistic geologists and soil mechanics had anticipated. Even the surface layer was capable of bearing weight (the foot pads of the lunar module hardly sank in at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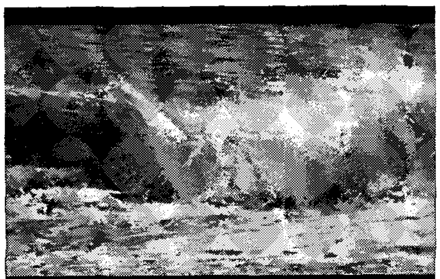

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all), and the soil became increasingly solid farther down. The ground proved as suitable for walking as a cinder track. As Colonel Aldrin moved swiftly about the moon with long, loping strides, Don Lind, the astronaut who had helped plan the lunar surface activities, sat transfixed in front of the television screen in the Mission Control Room thinking (he said later) that what he was seeing removed all sorts of constraints from future plans. "We had thought loping would be a good way to move about the moon, but the best we could do in space-suit simulations on earth was a shuffling walk, so we couldn't be certain," he said. Even the flight physicians, normally the most cautious men at the Space Center, shared in the general feeling of expansiveness, and one of them, Dr. Duane Catterson, said, "Right now, man's future on the moon seems unlimited."

TO Lind and the others in the Mission Control Room, the landing on the moon was more worrying than most people realized. Warning lights were flashing on the control panels, and though it turned out later that the craft was not in danger, no one could be absolutely certain of that at the time. Then, in the last moments, when the flight plan called for the lunar module's horizontal movement to stop, so that the craft could descend more or less vertically, Armstrong began to speed it up instead. No one in the Mission Control Room knew the extent of the boulder field that Armstrong was dodging. Lind says, "At the end, all we knew was that the LM was descending at one foot per second and scooting across the surface at forty-seven feet per second, with only about sixty seconds' worth of descent fuel left. My heart was pounding so hard I was afraid they'd kick me out of the Astronaut Corps." Lind says that Armstrong must have thought up his first words on the moon—"That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind"—sometime during the flight, for when Lind saw him shortly before liftoff he was still worrying about coming up with the right phrase. Armstrong had read a recent magazine article quoting such well-known opening lines as Stanley's "Dr. Livingstone, I presume," and felt that he had been put on the spot. "He must have worried about it all the way to the moon," Lind said. As for Aldrin, when he came out of the LM he said that he was making sure not to shut the door behind him. "A good thought," Armstrong commented laconically from the surface—for, curiously, there is no handle to open the hatch from the outside. Lind says this is not the serious oversight that it might at first appear to be, since there is nothing that could slam the door shut (it opens inward), and even if the LM were tilted forward so that the door *did* fall shut, it couldn't latch by itself, because someone inside would have to turn a knob. Aldrin, however, was clearly in no mood to take any chances.

THOUGH Lind in the Mission Control Room and Armstrong on the moon might have wished for a smoother landing site, the geologists were beside themselves with joy at the one the LM came down on. It narrowly missed landing in the middle of a huge crater—probably the West Crater, near the western end of their target area, which was a thousand feet in diameter (or, as the astronauts said, about the size of the Astrodome)—then it careered wildly across a field of boulders, which geologists call the crater's "ejecta blanket," and finally came to rest in a sort of bay in the Mare Tranquillitatis, with two arms of ejecta blanket extending like promontories on either side. This is heady country for geologists, one of whom, Dr. Michael McEwen, commented that the flatter, safer areas where the astronauts were supposed to land were "frankly a bit of a bore." Dr. Ted H. Foss, a stocky, dark-haired geologist who is in charge of the astronauts' geological training, said that as the samples are examined at the L.R.L. we will come to know a great deal more about the moon than we thought we would because—in addition to the regular *mare* material—there should be a great variety of rocks around the West Crater, including bedrock blasted up from as much as two hundred feet below the surface.

The astronauts, indeed, began seeing curious rocks almost from the moment of landing. As Armstrong peered out the LM window, he reported that it looked as though some of the moon rocks were going to have interesting colors. When he got outside, he turned up one that was purple—a discovery that didn't surprise Aldrin, who said after he joined Armstrong on the moon's surface, "Neil, didn't I say we might see some purple rocks?"

Whether or not the reference to purple rocks was an astronautical leg-pull (as was later maintained), there is no doubt but that the geologists were sitting on the edges of their chairs while this exchange occurred. When Dr. Foss, who was in the Science Support Room, heard of the purple rocks, he thought immediately of oxidation—though whether the oxidation resulted from a lunar atmosphere or was the result of oxygen in the rock itself couldn't be known until the geologists in the L.R.L. cut a section of the rock to see if it was purple all the way through. Dr. Brett thought instantly of titanium (which is bluish), manganese, or ferrous iron. Dr. McEwen thought of a volcanic ash flow he had once seen, which had purple rocks on top of it. All the geologists, of course, kept their ears cocked for any evidence that might fortify their personal theories about the moon, which in the case of most of the geologists at the Space Center meant they pricked up their ears at anything that sounded volcanic. They found the astronauts' frequent references to basalt, an igneous rock, pleasing. When Armstrong remarked that he thought he saw vesicles (holes bubbled into lava as gases escape), Dr. John W. Dietrich, a geologist also sitting in the Science Support Room, gave a loud shout, and Dr. Brett said later that he thought the finding of vesicles was the single most important discovery the astronauts made on the moon. Dr. Urey, an impact man, expressed some chagrin at this moment, choosing to believe a subsequent statement of Armstrong's that he didn't think he had seen vesicles after all. Dr. Brett believes that there is a little something for everyone in the astronauts' description of the moon—even for the impact scientists, for Armstrong later described many of the craters as having high walls (an impact feature) and even rays (another impact feature). Impacts and volcanism, of course, are by no means mutually exclusive, Dr. Brett has pointed out. There was even a little something for everybody in the astronauts' description of the color of the moon, for Armstrong referred to it repeatedly as gray and Aldrin cryptically called it "ash-cocoa." But to Dr. Foss and Dr. Dietrich the most pleasing aspect of the moon walk was not the suggestions of volcanism but, rather, hearing the astronauts use the terms they had taught them, such as phenocrysts and vesicles. "Who else can say their students were the first to make a field trip on the moon?" Dr. Dietrich demanded.

WHILE the astronauts were setting up the solar-wind experiment, Dr. Johannes Geiss, a young Swiss physicist who is the Principal Investigator for the experiment, says he

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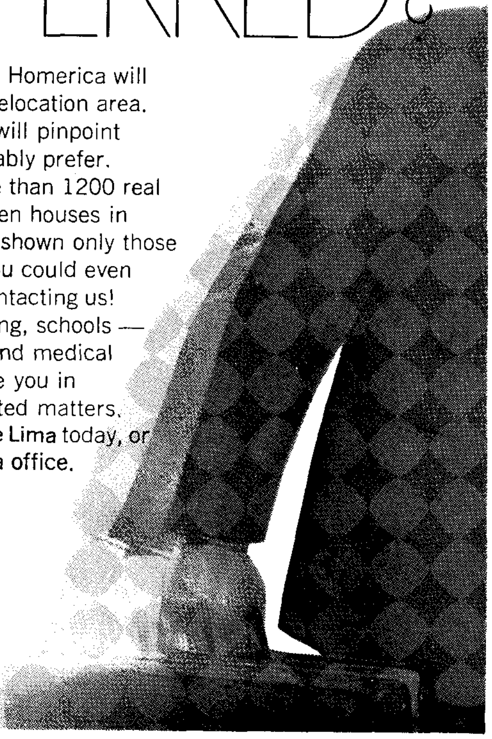

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was very nervous indeed. Even though the experimental apparatus, which is quite fragile, had never crumpled when it was tried out on earth (Lind, who is a good deal burlier than Armstrong, could set it up in forty seconds without bending it at all), you never can tell, Dr. Geiss says, what will happen on the moon. "You feel very much a responsibility to have it go right, with the whole world watching," he adds. With him in the Science Support Room was a duplicate of the apparatus—a sort of pennant of aluminum foil—so that if anything went wrong he could more easily tell the astronauts what to do. The only experiment the astronauts had any difficulty with was the seismometer. One of the solar paddles refused to pop into place, and Aldrin had to force it into position. Then they had a tough time trying to level the experimental equipment by centering a small metal BB that was rolling around inside a dish. This last difficulty provoked some dialogue that at times sounded almost like something H. G. Wells might have written:

ALDRIN: Hey. You want to take a look at this BB and see what you make out of it?

ARMSTRONG: I find it pretty hard to get perfectly level, too.

ALDRIN: That BB likes the outside. It won't go on the inside.

ARMSTRONG: But the little cup is convex now instead of concave.

ALDRIN: I think you're right.

ARMSTRONG: Believe it is.

ALDRIN: Houston, I don't think there's any hope for using this levelling device to come up with an accurate level. It looks to me as though the cup here that the bubble is in is now convex instead of concave. Over.

The discussion continued a little later:

ARMSTRONG: Oh, shoot, the ball is right in the middle now.

ALDRIN: Wonderful. Take a picture before it moves.

Scientists and engineers at the Space Center have been puzzling over this matter ever since. Dr. Garry Latham, who helped design the experiment, and who was sitting nervously in the Science Support Room, suggested that the astronauts may have been standing on a slight hillside without knowing it. (Slight hills seem to be a favorite way of explaining aberrations on the moon at the Space Center.) Lind, on the other hand, refuses to believe that any astronaut could be standing on the side of a hill and be unaware of it. Whatever the explanation, the astronauts had no trouble levelling the laser reflector, which had a conventional carpenter's level in it—with a bubble instead of a metal BB.

The moon walk ran about half an hour behind schedule, partly because the depressurization of the lunar module took longer than anticipated and partly because of what Lind calls "ceremonial duties that were not in the time line." As time was running out, Dr. Geiss became a little nervous that the astronauts would forget to take the solar-wind experiment back with them, but he calmed himself by thinking that Lind, who he knew was sitting in the Control Room next to the capsule communicator, wouldn't let that happen. ("You bet your life," Lind said later. "They wouldn't have got away without that.") Near the end, Dr. Latham was momentarily perplexed by some small, rapid jounces reported by his seismometer, but then he looked at the television screen and saw that Aldrin was pounding core tubes into the ground with a hammer. To the dismay of the soil mechanics, who had thought the ground would be somewhat more yielding than it was, Aldrin had difficulty pounding the core tubes more than five inches into it. Although the geologists were hoping that the astronauts would have time to gather some samples carefully, documenting and photographing them where they lay, they were more than pleased with the way things turned out. Armstrong did no documenting, but he did spend about ten minutes carefully selecting rocks, and he thinks he put twenty pounds of them in the rock box. Dr. Foss feels that Armstrong got more samples this way than if he had documented each one (which can take fifteen minutes per rock)—an advantage on a site that seems to have such a wealth of different types of rock. When Armstrong had completed his chores, he hoisted the rock box up to Aldrin inside the LM by means of a conveyor line. On the way up, there was a slight mishap—a film magazine from the Hasselblad camera, which had been hooked on with the second rock box, fell to the ground. But Armstrong was able to retrieve it by bracing himself on the LM and reaching down. (Although an astronaut can reach no nearer the ground than twenty-two inches when he is standing, Lind says, he can go down a lot farther if he is holding on to something.) Lind, who invented the conveyor line, was plainly embarrassed by its performance on the moon. Its biggest disadvantage is that a lot of energy is required to hoist a rock box up with it. By the time Armstrong was through hoisting, his pulse had jumped to a hundred and sixty, and a voice from Mission Control told him to rest a moment. Lind says an astronaut can rest easily inside his space suit, slumping down and leaning against it, as if it were a wall.

The astronauts spent about two hours and thirty minutes on the moon, and when their walk was over, many people at the Space Center, among them Dr. Urey and Lind, were astounded by how fast the time had passed; their attention had been held as if they had been watching a flawless dramatic production. That may have been what everyone *was* watching that night, for Lind says that the time line the two astronauts were following was rather like a script. "We had a great many rehearsals here," he points out, "and we went into infinite detail, such as whether to use the left hand to reach one of the scientific packages on the moon or whether to make a right-handed approach. Why, before they went, I was coaching Aldrin on how, when he picked up two experiments, one in each hand, the knuckles of both hands should be pointing forward." The production was so well wrought, and the outcome so predictable, that at one point while he was watching it Dr. Urey said jokingly, "Well, we might as well go to bed. It's all going off according to schedule."

EVEN after the first rock box was opened in the Lunar Receiving Laboratory last Saturday afternoon, the moon remained as mysterious as ever. As Dr. King had anticipated, the rocks were covered with grime or powder (dark gray, not brown) to such an extent that it was hard to see their surface. Dr. King, peering through the science observers' port and describing what he saw over closed-circuit television (he sounded very calm, contrary to his own expectations), said that he couldn't identify any minerals as yet, that he saw nothing that appeared chondritic, and that he saw nothing that was obviously vesicular. The first reports of the other PET scientists were equally inconclusive. Outside the L.R.L. later that afternoon, Dr. Dietrich stopped Dr. King, who was wearing military-looking green coveralls, and asked him, "Why didn't you stand up for our vesicles?" Dr. King replied, with a tired smile, "Sorry, but that's the way it was."

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## CENTRAL PARK BIRD WALK

AT the height of the bird-migrating season toward the middle of May, I went for a bird walk in Central Park with Mr. G. Stuart Keith, a British subject, who holds the North American record for the greatest number of species of birds seen by an individual during a calendar year. In 1956, following his graduation from Oxford, he spotted more than three-quarters of the seven hundred-odd avian species known to appear on our continent north of Mexico. We met, by previous agreement, shortly before nine o'clock in the morning on Central Park West in front of the American Museum of Natural History, where Keith works as a dollar-a-year research associate in the Bird Department. The grand champion, a tall, good-looking, broad-shouldered man in his middle thirties, was hatless, and wore slacks, an odd jacket, and a blue tie with figures of green pelicans, over which a pair of binoculars hung on a leather strap around his neck. We entered the Park through the opening at Seventy-seventh Street, which is called Naturalists Gate and bears a plaque dedicating it to the thousands who study nature in the Park each year under the auspices of the Museum. Keith, a former junior officer in the King's Own Scottish Borderers, walked lightly and erect, while I shuffled after him with a pencil and small pad to list what we saw.

Just inside the entrance, I spotted a black bird somewhat larger than a robin sitting in an elm tree overlooking West Drive, the automobile road that meanders down the west side of the Park. "Boat-tailed grackle," I suggested.

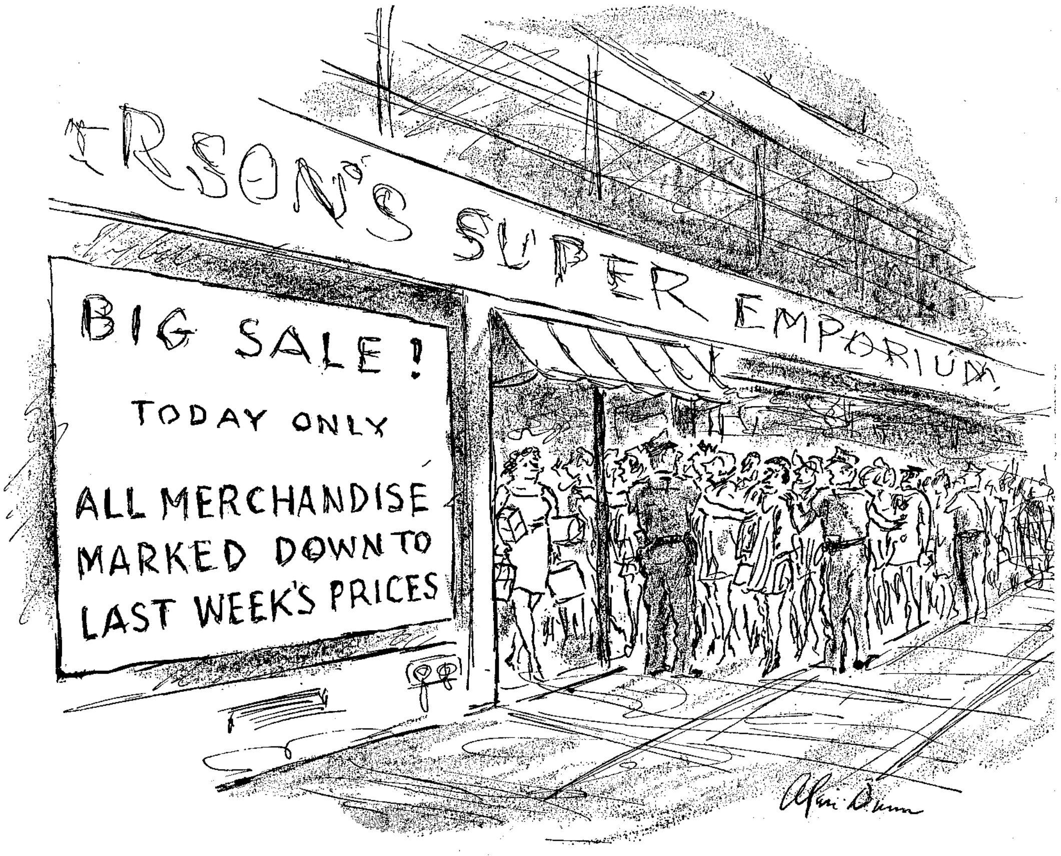
Keith set me straight. "Purple grackle there," he said. "Boattails live in the South." He went on to say that lately the grackles had lost a species. The bronzed grackle, for years called a third member of the group, had recently been demoted to a subspecies of the purple. This was the work, Keith explained, of "the lumpers," an ornithological faction now in ascendancy over their opposite numbers, "the splitters." Thanks to the lumpers, the known total of bird species in the world has shrunk of late by a score or two to something under eighty-six hundred species. A small but surprising number of these can be seen in Central Park, especially during migration, since the Park lies squarely under the Atlantic Flyway, which roughly follows our eastern coastline and is one of the four main migratory pathways of the continent.

We continued toward the Lake, the largest body of purely scenic water in the Park, covering nearly twenty-two acres, and then started across it by way of Bank Rock Bridge, a wooden footway with ornamental iron balustrades. Leaning against the southerly balustrade, we paused to look for water birds. The Park was unbelievably quiet. Twelve million people walk through it each year, making it the most heavily used park of its size (a square mile or so) in the world, and the area around the Lake is the most heavily used. But we seemed to be the only people there at the time. A soft blue mist hung in the air. At that particular moment, it seemed, Keith and I could have been standing in a quiet corner of Arcady.

The mood changed quickly, as moods often do in New York. An immature ring-billed gull splashed into the water in front of us, off Hernshead Promontory, ducked his beak repeatedly into the water, flirted it over his back and sides with delighted wriggles, and drank long, satisfied gulps.

Behind us, to the north, was Bank Rock Bay, which was once a navigable part of the Lake but is now a shallow, muddy inlet where rowboats can no longer enter. A step or two after we had straightened up to resume our journey across the bridge, Keith showed me, halfway up a tall sweet-gum tree beyond the bay, a male Baltimore oriole. It was a startling sight against the new green in its wildly brilliant orange-and-black plumage. As we looked, it gave a series of rich, flutelike pipings. Suddenly it disappeared, and I complained of this to Keith. "Its bright colors break the pattern of its form," he said. "It's there, but hard to find—effective camouflage." The sweet whistle came again.

Among serious birders, hearing is practically as good as seeing—a fortunate circumstance, considering the number of birds that are either nocturnal or stubbornly shy about showing themselves during the day. Keith, as I was shortly to discover, has an excellent pair of ears. Ordinarily, he accepts his own aural identification of all birds except those he puts on his life list, a catalogue of all the species he has ever identified in the field. In the case of North American birds, he has more than six hundred and forty—a total surpassed by about only half a dozen persons, living or dead. His worldwide life list, constantly being augmented by



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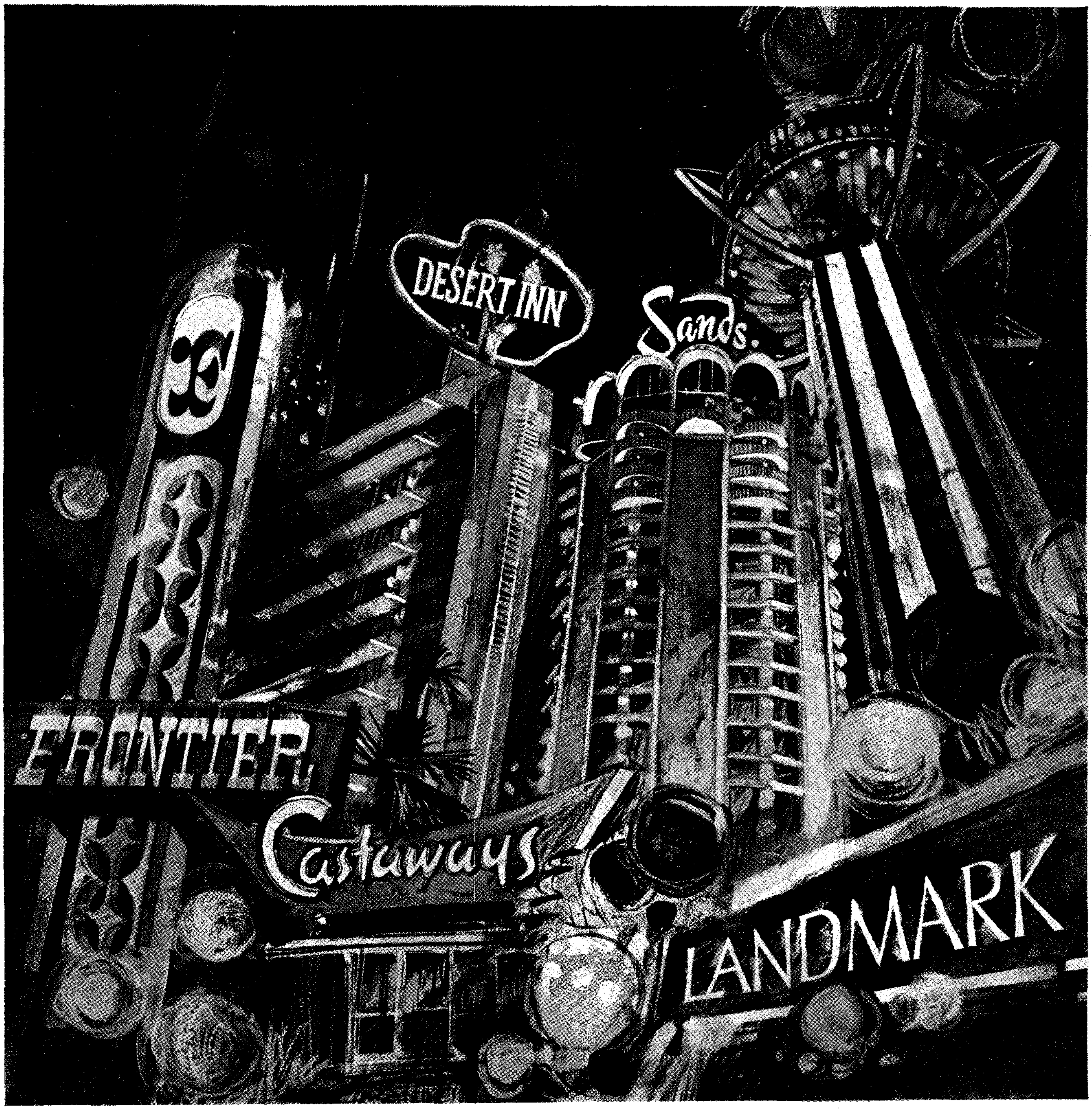
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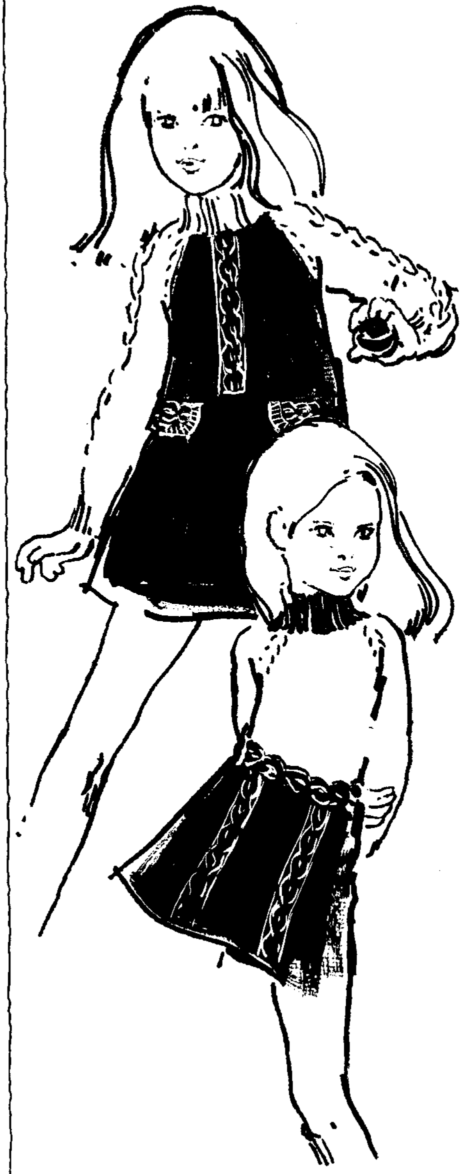
museum trips to remote regions which are often productive in that regard, exceeds three thousand. Even for experts, however, there are perils in the aural-identification method. Not long before our walk, Keith had heard what he could have sworn was a killdeer on the Museum's north lawn, in just the sort of spot where this long-legged, plover-like bird of fields and pastures might pause for a breather during migration. Sight, however, proved it to be a starling, doing a superb impersonation, for which the only possible reward seemed to be the deliberate humiliation of the North American grand champion.

Just ahead of us, at the farther end of the bridge, rose the principal objective of our walk, the Ramble. Essentially a knoll of about thirty acres, the Ramble contains some of the highest land in the Park (the actual high point, a bit farther to the north, is Summit Rock, a hundred and thirty-seven and a half feet above sea level) and is the Park's most heavily planted area. It shelters a maze of macadam walks that wander past and over such natural and man-made features as Warbler Rock, the Summerhouse, Rustic Bridge, Azalea Pond, and the Swamp—the last two of which drain into the Gill, a threadlike stream that winds across the top of the Ramble and down its west side into the Lake. Around these features cluster some of the Park's oldest and largest trees, a few of the native oaks and locusts having stood there for years before the city took title to the land, in 1856. As elsewhere in the Park, much alien flora has been introduced. Korean mountain ash, English holly, and the Chinese pagoda tree, among other well-established immigrants, were before us and in early leaf. Here and there throughout the area, signs affixed to lampposts read, "The Ramble. A Natural Wild Life Preserve." The signs do not exaggerate. Some years back, the chairman of the Museum's Bird Department wrote in a letter to the *Times* that "there is probably no equal area of open countryside that can match the urban-bounded Ramble with respect to the concentration of birds that funnels down from the sky just before day-breaks of spring."

Partway up the slope of the Ramble, Keith cocked his head. "Our first warbler," he said. "A parula." I couldn't hear it right off. But after straining a few moments I picked up a strident sound such as might be produced by a very excited bumblebee—a steady *zee, zee, zee.* Warblers in general, despite their name, are rather poor singers. But, like many other poorly endowed creatures, they ignore the deficiency, and go right on belting out their songs almost constantly throughout the springtime. The parula, one of the smallest warblers (slightly more than half the size of a sparrow), is an undersized member of an undersized tribe of sharp-billed insectivorous birds with rounded tails, and it weighs scarcely more than a few king-size cigarettes. In the United States, warblers number more than fifty species, and during spring migration they are among the bird-watcher's special joys—their gay colors flitting through the fresh green like vagrant snippets of rainbow. (On fall migration, they are in a state of sartorial degradation, wearing such generally washed-out, nondescript shades that for most people the species are impossible to tell apart.) The little parula—blue-backed and yellow-breasted—was way up in an ancient pin-oak tree whose small flowers, usually unnoticed by strollers below, had drawn swarms of insects, which the parula, between *zees*, was eating.

Aided by its superb vision, the parula was stuffing itself. Whether active by day or night, a bird sees better than other forms of life, thanks to a more highly developed eye, which is constructed much like that of other vertebrates but has an especially large concentration of rods and cones. These are the sensory cells of the retina—the screen on which an optical image is translated into nerve impulses and then transmitted to the brain over the optic nerve. Cones provide color vision, while rods provide definition and sensitivity to low levels of illumination. Although some specialized birds, like owls, have only rods, for maximum night vision, most birds, like warblers, have both. Rods and cones have a direct blood supply, as does most tissue in vertebrates. But in birds a fleshy, comblike organ containing an abundant blood supply, the pecten, projects into the eye cavity from a point near the optic nerve. The pecten—restricted to birds and reptiles but more highly developed in birds—discharges food and oxygen, which diffuse through the viscous fluid in the



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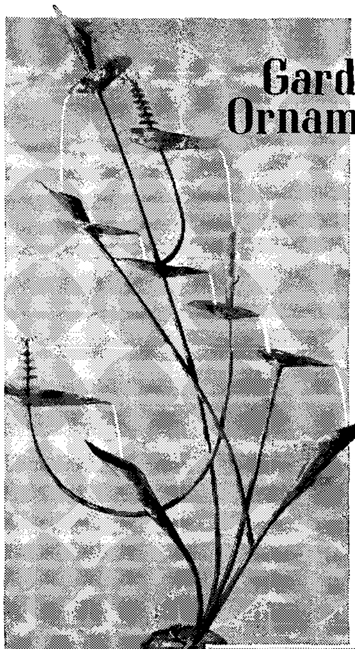

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eyeball, thus increasing the supply of nutrition available to the cells of the retina and making vision far and away a bird's primary sense. Gobble, *zee,* gobble, *zee* went the parula.

A migrating parula can take in enough food to expand its stomach to twice, and sometimes thrice, the normal size. And most of what it takes in is insects, which begin to reproduce in a prodigal fashion when the rays of the sun, falling more directly on the northern half of the world as a result of the seasonal tipping of the earth's axis, heat up the atmosphere and bring the warm weather to our hemisphere. Insects form by far the largest class of living things in the animal kingdom (over half the two million or so species now known), and one pair of houseflies, surviving and reproducing normally, within six months could cover the earth forty-seven feet deep with houseflies. Fortunately, the diet of most migrant birds, whatever it might be at other times, greatly increases in protein as the breeding season approaches. They eat insects, and later on they cram insects into their nestlings.

Parulas winter in Mexico and the West Indies, and on an evening some three weeks earlier the one before us might have leaped into the air with others of its kind shortly after the sun sank in Yucatán. Probably to diminish predation, warblers and many small songbirds migrate by night, while such fast fliers as chimney swifts and larger, more boisterous types such as jays tend to be day migrants. Our parula and his companions, climbing gradually to a height of several thousand feet, would have barrelled out over the Gulf of Mexico, bound for Florida, some four hundred miles away. Assuming a normal passage, the parula reached its objective sometime the next day, having maintained a cruising speed of from twenty to forty miles an hour, depending on the speed and direction of the wind. In Florida, the birds probably put down and rested for several days, restoring their depleted fat deposits for the largely overland trip up the Atlantic Flyway. (Fat is what a bird migrates on, since, per unit of weight, fat produces nearly twice as much energy as either protein or carbohydrate does, and in long-distance migrants fat deposits have to be large because a bird's bodily engine runs hot. Almost all bird temperatures exceed the temperature of human beings, many by more than fifteen degrees Fahrenheit.) Studies of small banded songbirds show that the Atlantic Flyway is

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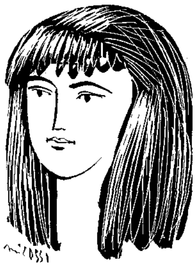
usually taken in two-hundred-mile jumps lasting from five to ten hours. The speed and altitude of migrants have been checked by radar, and small birds the size of the parula like to move along a half a mile or so up in the air. A parula flies as easily up there as lower down, partly because its main bones, like those of other birds, are hollow. Some of its bones contain air sacs, which are connected by other air sacs to the lungs. This arrangement not only cuts down on weight but also enables a bird to move maximum amounts of air through its lungs when it inhales and also when it exhales. Moreover, the dead-air space of the bird's respiratory system lies in the air sacs rather than in the lungs, as it does in mammals, permitting the bird's entire lung to be utilized in oxygen exchange. As a result, birds are able to extract much more oxygen from each breath than they would if they had only lungs. Pilots have observed migrating geese, serenely flying at their usual cruising speed of forty-five miles an hour, over the Himalaya Mountains at altitudes of thirty thousand feet, where oxygen is a third that at sea level. Wind and weather permitting, the parula we were looking at may have taken off from Central Park after dark that same day and moved on another two hundred miles nearer to its breeding ground, the northernmost edge of which lies in the forests of eastern Canada, a couple of thousand miles from Yucatán.

Resuming our climb up the slope, we soon discovered four other warblers: a yellowthroat, in an alder, trilling its *witchety-witchety* call; a Louisiana water thrush, a warbler despite its name; the ovenbird ("A plump warbler that dwells on the ground. Rather confusing, that," said Keith); and a myrtle, the only warbler that sometimes winters in this area, subsisting principally on bayberries and poison-ivy berries. "Hear its song?" Keith said. "It always sounds as if it wasn't giving it all it could."



Keith suddenly turned a hundred and eighty degrees and put his glasses on a cluster of viburnum. "Ah," he said. "Getting a little action here." A wood thrush was in the branches, and on the ground below was a brown thrasher, a red-brown bird nearly a foot long—really a mockingbird—that possesses one of birddom's more beautiful songs. "The Ramble, with its water and high and low vegetation, is just the sort of place these thrushlike birds seek," said Keith. Below dogwood and inkberry hung with white flowers, the thrasher scuttled over a rubble of dank newspapers, candy wrappers, cigarette packs, and trampled paper cups.

I heard a cheep. "Ah!" I said. "A new note."

"An English sparrow," said Keith. "The commonest bird in the Park, I'm afraid. That and the starling or pigeon."

Some yards farther on, near the Ramble's crest, high up in a tall ash tree by the trickling Gill, we sighted a robin's nest, fashioned by migrants that may have come from no farther south than Philadelphia. As we looked, a parent returned and four small heads popped above the rim. That was the only occupied nest we saw, but about twenty species have been observed nesting regularly or occasionally in the Park during the sixties, most of them in the Ramble. A dozen or so are generally found in any one year. Since nesting records began to be kept for the Park, more than eighty years ago, nearly fifty species have been known to breed there. The number of nesting birds depends in part on the amount of shrubbery, which has recently been kept to a minimum to discourage muggings.

It was now after ten o'clock. Human activity in the Ramble began to pick up. Nursemaids with children appeared. Commercial dog-walkers, in some cases tugged far off the vertical by their charges, pounded across the walks. On the Lake, two young oarsmen in full breeding plumage (long hair, bell-bottomed trousers, heavy chain necklaces with pendants) maneuvered their rowboats to ram one another while their female passengers joyously made counterfeit alarm noises. Other bird-watchers passed us, singly and in groups. A party of elderly ladies was hearing one member expound, with enormous satisfaction, the etymology of the word "redstart," the name of a warbler: " '*Staart*' is Dutch for 'tail.' Thus 'redtail'—'redstart.' "

Above the ladies, a gray squirrel scuttled noisily over branches near the top of a lofty oak. Keith regarded it unenthusiastically. "Human feeding keeps the population at an artificially high level here," he said. The squirrel entered a large, dilapidated wooden box from which protruded leafy branches, forming its characteristic summer nest. The box was one of six or eight such

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John C. Bruno

creations visible in the Ramble, all in rather poor repair. A German woman was their architect. For a number of years, before she returned to her homeland after the Second World War, she used to bedevil the Park gardeners—under threat of letters to the newspapers charging neglect of animals—to build and place the structures as shelters for what she said were the Ramble's otherwise unsheltered squirrels.

"Aha! What have we here?" said Keith, taking his gaze from the oak and concentrating narrowly on a thick privet shrub some yards off. "Get that thrush? Either a Swainson's or a gray-cheek—both fairly common. A Swainson's, I think. But don't put it down. It eluded me." Thus challenged, he approached the shrub, very alert, and, with his fist to his lips, made low, squeaking, birdlike sounds—a tactic that often proves irresistible to even the shyest birds, who will show themselves to find out what's going on. Sure enough, before long a Swainson's thrush poked its head up, and was duly noted.

In quick succession, we acquired three fine warblers—all, of course, spotted by Keith. "Whoops! A black-throated blue," he said of a bird in a spicebush. "Though not one of the top fifteen, fairly rare." In a hornbeam just beyond was a Wilson's, a bright-yellow bird with a black cap, which Keith called "one of the less numerous ones." Both were males, and very colorful. (Even in spring, the female warblers tend to be more sombre.) Almost instantly thereafter, we chanced on a notably elusive bird, the mourning warbler. "Well," Keith said, with satisfaction, and lowered his glasses. Looking where he pointed, I saw, slinking about the lowest branches of a mock-orange bush some ten yards off, a black-bibbed, yellow-breasted, olive-backed mite of a bird. "Very sneaky. Hard to see, that one. Crouches in very low shrubs. A skulker."

A bit farther on, as we descended toward the Lake, three pigeons rose from a ginkgo, providing a mundane addition to our list. A true urban resident, New York's pigeon is a run-down variant of a proud stock known as the European rock dove, which also produced the racing pigeon. The racing pigeon can move faster on its own power alone than any other creature; in level flight it can reach speeds of nearly a hundred miles an hour. Overhead, its lumpen cousins flapped about lazily.

We now left the Ramble, crossing between the cast-iron sides of Bow Bridge—so called for its graceful, slightly arched shape—toward Cherry Hill, a rise to the south of the Lake. On our way, we passed a turkey oak in whose branches one memorable day in May some years back a single observer spotted no fewer than forty species of migrants. At the moment, the tree was bare of birds. So, by and large, was Cherry Hill, the lone exception being a starling occupying a nesting hole in the trunk of a tulip tree which Keith believed to have been originally made by redheaded woodpeckers.

We picked up a few more birds while we wandered about Azalea Pond, back in the Ramble. A little past the Rustic Bridge, we came on a large European white birch whose thick trunk was pitted with rows of deep parallel depressions, made, according to Keith, by the yellow-bellied sapsucker on its spring and fall migrations. The bird drills the holes and then returns both to drink the sap and to eat the insects that have been attracted to it. Three ragged teen-agers who skidded to a stop behind us seemed puzzled by the regular pattern of holes. But one of them quickly provided an explanation. Pointing an imaginary shoulder gun at the tree, he went, "Bang, bang! Shotgun, man!" All three were instantly off again, running low through the shrubbery.

Keith told me that he started birding at the age of sixteen—the result of a gift from his parents of an excellent pair of binoculars. He has continued it uninterruptedly ever since. During a tour of duty in the Far East with the King's Own Scottish Borderers, he would spend his off-duty hours in Korea and in Hong Kong's New Territories watching Asiatic buntings, which he described as "akin to your sparrows." His North American bird record, by which he dethroned no less an authority than Roger Tory Peterson, seems likely to stand for a while—probably until some other enthusiast of means comes along who is prepared to put in twelve months travelling some fifty thousand miles, sometimes under primitive conditions, to break it. It will also take someone who is lucky enough to get all the five hundred and ninety-four species Keith did and then some, like Swainson's warbler and the great gray owl, which he missed.

In order to fatten our own list for the day, we left the Ramble and moved north to see what water birds were at the Reservoir. On the way, we walked under an arbor of Chinese wisteria heavy with grapelike clusters of purple flowers, and past a stretch of greensward known as Burns Lawn, which bore a haze of azure scilla flowers that Keith said put him in mind of bluebells in a British spring. As we came in sight of the Winterdale Arch, which spans the bridle path, the sound of some furious birds' billingsgate made us look up. Five grackles were chasing a broad-winged hawk toward the Beresford Apartments, at the corner of Central Park West and Eighty-first Street, hurling epithets and making aerial passes at it. The hawk had apparently lost its way on migration. Normally, the variety moves to the west in large flocks over a route above the Ramapo Mountains, in New Jersey.

"Poor broadwings," said Keith. "They always get it from the grackles."

Although broadwings prefer a diet of rodents, the grackles chased this one as avidly as if it were a notorious nest robber like a crow, leaving off only when their target had cleared the building's roof.

"They wouldn't do that if the duck hawks were still there," I said. The duck hawk—or peregrine falcon, as it is usually called these days—is an unrelenting bird-eater with a wingspan of more than a yard, at whose sight the grackles would have quietly taken to the trees. Back in 1948, the Beresford Apartments—twenty-two stories crowned by three squat towers—provided a perch for a rather famous pair of peregrines, which used to dive on quarry, mostly pigeons, over the Park. Usually the pigeons were too slow-moving to make the birds exert themselves, but a peregrine, often starting its swoop with quick wingbeats, can drop like a thunderbolt, reaching speeds of a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Before 1948, this same pair had frequented other tall buildings in midtown. One spring morning in 1943, an elderly lady who occupied a suite on the sixteenth floor of the Hotel St. Regis complained of noise outside her window. A housekeeper who was sent to investigate opened the balcony's French windows and immediately wished she hadn't, for she had intruded upon an aerie that the two peregrines had established there. Eventually, the

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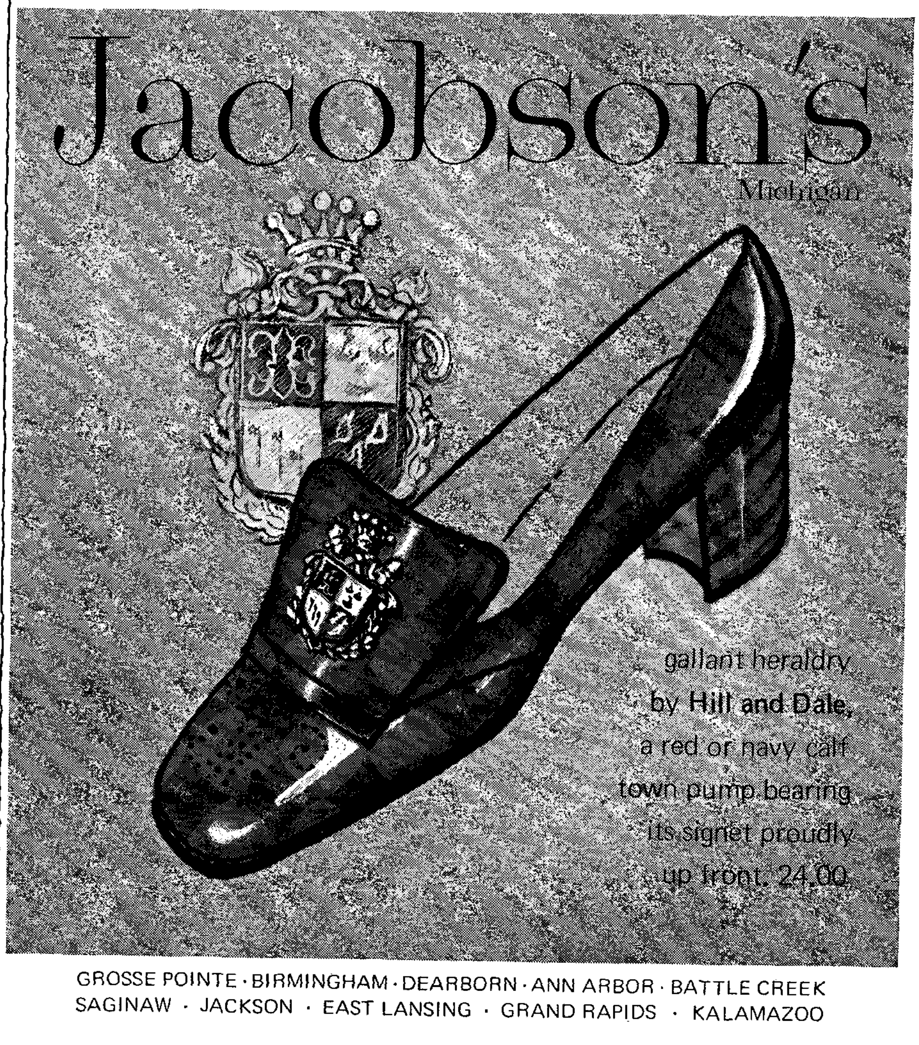

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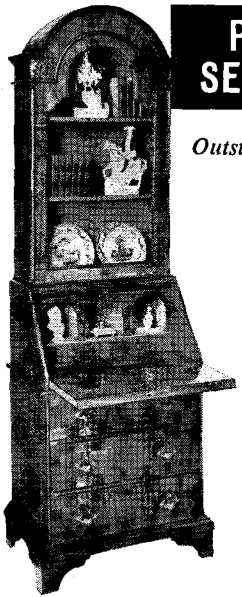

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"Why are there no more around?" I asked Keith.

"One factor certainly seems to be pesticides," he said. "These get into the eggs through the food chain, often rendering them infertile."

When we reached the Reservoir, we stopped at about the level of Eighty-eighth Street, and Keith put his glasses on the water, coming up with some ring-billed, great black-backed, and herring gulls. All of them were immature, the older birds of those species being normally at their coastal nesting grounds by that time of year. But he also spotted one mature laughing gull.

It was then about eleven-thirty in the morning. Totting up the list of species we had seen, we found we had forty-one, seventeen of them warblers. "Not good. But not bad," said Keith. They comprised, besides the ones already mentioned, the following warblers—the bay-breasted, black-and-white, black-throated green, Canada, chestnut-sided, and magnolia, along with the northern water thrush, redstart, and yellow-breasted chat (the largest warbler). The remaining thrushes were the gray-cheeked and the veery, and rounding out the list were the catbird, red-winged blackbird, wood pewee, white-throated sparrow (a laggard), house wren, goldfinch, blue jay, and some white Pekin ducks swimming in front of the boathouse. The record for birds seen in Central Park on one day is ninety-nine species, set in 1954 by several dozen observers fanned out across the Park. That was the occasion of the turkey oak's moment of glory.

—Eugene Kinkead

•

Correction

In the June 10 issue of the Maverick, the total capital and reserves of the State Bank of Chanhassen at the present time were stated to be $3,800,000,000.

The correct amount is $260,000.

—*Chanhassen (Minn.) Maverick.*

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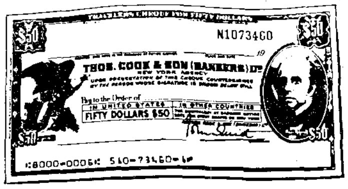

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# BOOKS

## *Van Loves Ada, Ada Loves Van*

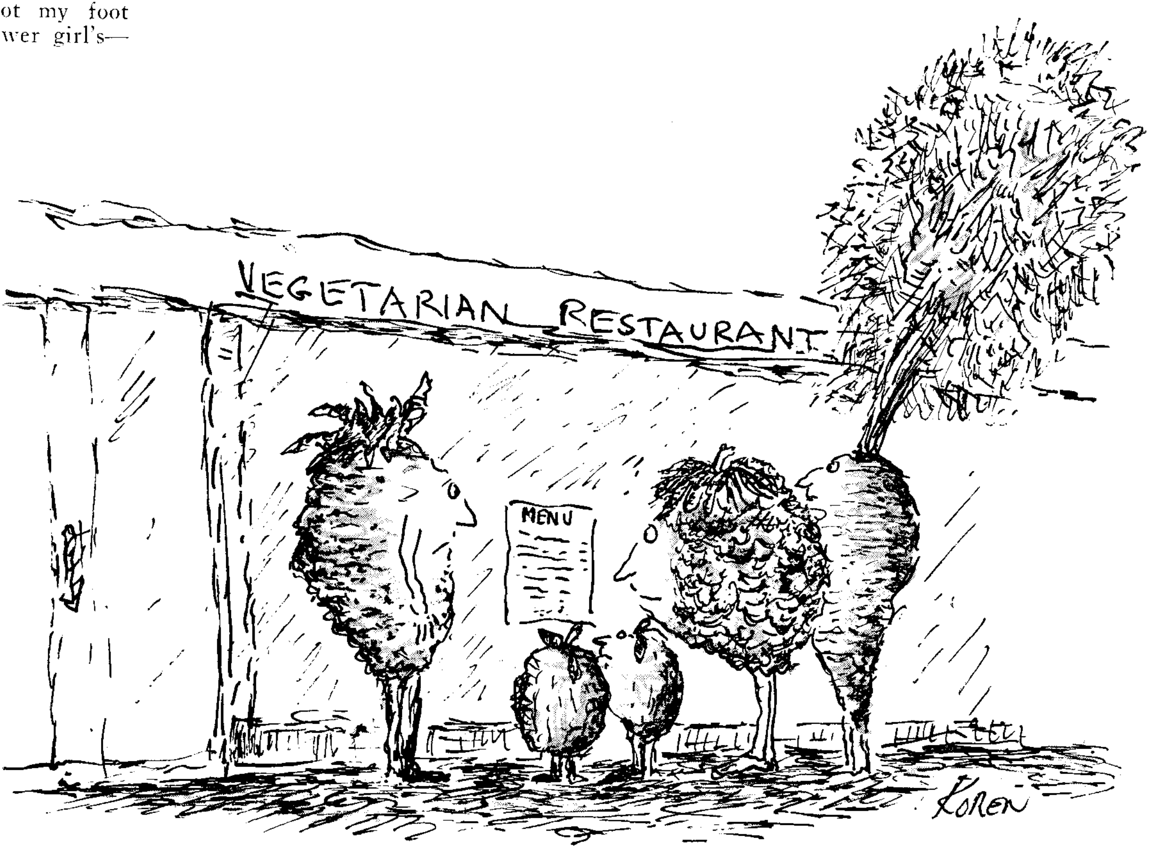
WHEN a book fails to agree with a reader, it is either because the author has failed to realize his intentions or because his intentions are disagreeable. Since Vladimir Nabokov is, all in all, the best-equipped writer in the English-speaking world (of which he inhabits a personal promontory by the side of Lake Geneva), the opening chapters of his new novel, “Ada” (McGraw-Hill), must be taken as intentionally repellent. His prose has never—not even in his haughty prefaces to works resurrected from the Russian, not even in Humbert Humbert’s maddest flights—menaced a cowering reader with more bristling erudition, garlicky puns, bearish parentheses, and ogreish winks. For example:

> “I can add,” said the girl [Ada], “that the petal belongs to the common Butterfly Orchis; that my mother was even crazier than her sister; and that the paper flower so cavalierly dismissed is a perfectly recognizable reproduction of an early-spring sanicle that I saw in profusion on hills in coastal California last February. Dr. Krolik, our local naturalist, to whom you, Van, have referred, as Jane Austen might have phrased it, for the sake of rapid narrative information (you recall Brown, don’t you, Smith?), has determined the example I brought back from Sacramento to Ardis, as the Bear-Foot, B,E,A,R, my love, not my foot or yours, or the Stabian flower girl’s—an allusion, which your father, who, according to Blanche, is also mine, would understand like this (American finger-snap).”

Nor is the matter being thus roughly intruded into our consciousness of a compensating solidity or persuasive immediacy. “Ada” is subtitled “Or Ardor: A Family Chronicle,” and the central family matter, not easily grasped, concerns the marriage of the two Durmanov sisters, Marina and Aqua, to two men each called Walter D. Veen, first cousins differentiated by the nicknames Red (or Dan) and Demon. Demon has an extensive love affair with Marina but marries Aqua, who readily goes insane; this unhappy marriage has one apparent offspring, Ivan, who is not to be confused with Uncle Ivan, the Durmanov sisters’ short-lived brother. “Apparent,” I say, because young “Van’s” real mother is Marina, who, fertile as well as obliging, is also the mother of Demon’s other illegitimate child, Ada, and—by her own husband, Red Veen, the well-known art dealer—another daughter, Lucette. The very incestuous (“very” because besides being ostensible first cousins and actual siblings they are also third cousins, descended from Prince Vseslav Zemski) love affair between Van and Ada preoccupies nearly six hundred rollicking pages.

The genealogical maze rests upon the unquiet geography of the planet Demonia, or Antiterra, where our homely Terra is a disconnected rumor, pieced together from the visions of madmen and “believed in,” or not, like Heaven. On Antiterra, Canady and Estoty contain large French and Russian territories (much as Nabokov’s memory must) and surprising sights, like “the peasant-bare footprint of Tolstoy preserved in the clay of a motor court in Utah where he had written the tale of Murat, the Navajo chieftain, a French general’s bastard.” Most of “Ada” occurs in the second half of Antiterra’s nineteenth century, after the “L disaster” has caused electricity to be banned, leaving people to communicate with “dorophones,” which ring by making all the toilets in the house gurgle; one answers by saying “*A l’eau!*” The atmosphere of this “distortive glass of our distorted glebe” is dreamy with the stale air of classic novels and swarms with swattable little midges like “Mr. Eliot, a Jewish businessman,” “Dr. Froit of Signy-Mondieu-Mondieu,” “ ‘Les Amours du Docteur Mertvago,’ ” “ ‘Collected Works of Falknermann,’ ” “that dislikable Norbert von Miller,” and “James Jones, a formula whose complete lack of connotation made an ideal pseudonym despite its happening to be his real name.”

Now, why should an author not create a “nulliverse” to represent “oneirologically” the contents of his own mind? The “L disaster,” “which had the singular effect of both causing and cursing the notion of ‘Terra,’ ” is surely the Russian Revolution, which caused such a great dislocation in Nabokov’s life. The confusion of America (Estotiland) and Russia (Tartary) into one idyllic nation where everyone speaks French is, more than a joke upon Canada, a metaphor of personal



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history. Vain, venereal Van Veen verges on V. N.; Nabokov = Van + book. Ada (rhymes with Nevada) is ardor and art—but not, I think, the Americans for Democratic Action. She is also, in a dimension or two, Nabokov's wife Véra, his constant collaboratrice and the invariable dedicatee of his works. Ada's marginal comments on Van's manuscript, reproduced in print, are among the liveliest bits in the book, and offer an occasional check upon the author's rampaging genius. I suspect that many of the details in this novel double as personal communication between husband and wife; some of the bothersomely exact dates, for instance, must be, to use a favorite word of our author, "fatadic." I am certain that trilingual puns crowd and crawl ("*Je raffole de tout ce qui rampe*"—"I'm crazy about everything that crawls"—Ada says) beneath the surface of this novel like wood lice under the bark of an old stump. Their patient explication, and the formal arrangement of the parallels and contraries that geometricize "our rambling romance," the hurried reviewer may confidently leave to the graduate student who, between puffs of pot, while his wife strums the baby or dandles the guitar—by Log, this deadly style is infectious!—can spend many a pleasant and blameless hour unstitching the sequinned embroidery of Nabokov's five years' labor of love. He might begin with the prominently displayed anagram of "insect" ("incest," "nicest," "scient"), move on to the orchid-imitating butterflies and butterfly-imitating orchids, get his feet wet in the water imagery (Aqua, Marina, "*À l'eau!*" yourself), and then do something with "cruciform," which crops up in several surprising connections, such as mounted moths, the hero's feces, and the arrangement of a mature woman's four patches of hair. Indeed, this book is Nabokov's most religious—his Testament as well as his "Tempest"—and manages several oblique squints at the Christian religion, a previous sketch of a structured supernature. "Ada" is the feminine form of the Russian "Ad," for Hades or Hell, and there is a Van in Nirvana and Heaven, for instance.

But, to answer the question posed above, one reason that an author should not create a nulliverse is that it is difficult to generate on an Antiterra the gravity that even the feeblest terrestrial tale appropriates. The details, the sometimes comical and sometimes waspish extensions of the author's prejudices and fancy, distract us from the angels and demons, who are, it turns

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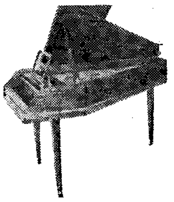

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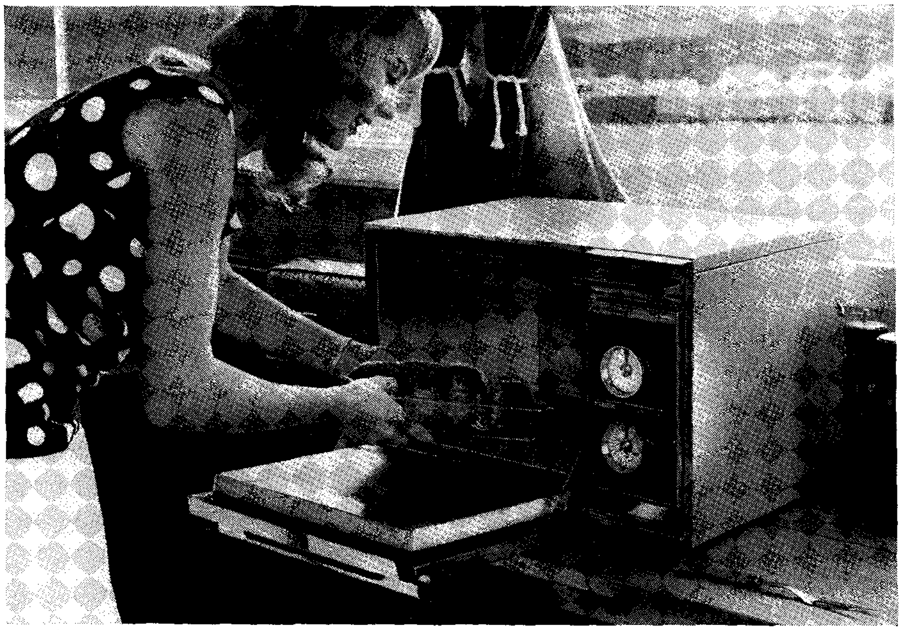
out, meant to be human. Specifically, Ada and Van adventure amid obstacles so automatic, so confessedly retrieved from the attics of Mme. de La Fayette and Count Tolstoy, that it is hard to care about their intermittences of copulation as much as they and their creator do. In a landscape of "Ladore, Ladoga, Laguna, Lugano, and Luga," everything melts into foolery. I confess to a prejudice: fiction is earthbound, and while in decency the names of small towns and middling cities must be faked, metropolises and nations are unique and should be given their own names or none. I did not even like it when Nabokov, in "Pale Fire," gave New York State the preëmpted appellation of Appalachia. He is, among other titles to our love, the foremost poet of Earth's geography, who in his remarkable story "Lance" saw long before the actual astronauts "the praying woman of the Baltic, and . . . the elegant Americas caught in their trapeze act, and Australia like a baby Africa lying on its side." His vision and flair are themselves so supermundane that to apply them to a fairyland is to put icing on icing. There is nothing in the landscapes of "Ada" to rank with the Russian scenery of "Speak, Memory," the trans-American hegira of Lolita and Humbert Humbert, and the father's epic Central Asian travels in "The Gift."

As with place names, so with face names; we never get over the playful twinning of Aqua and Marina, Demon and Dan, and though Aqua's madness spins a few beautiful pages and Demon makes some noises approximating those of a flesh-and-blood father, the four remain animated anagrams, symmetrical appendages that want to be characters. To be sure, we are in a world of chrysalis and metamorphosis; as in "Invitation to a Beheading" and "Bend Sinister," the cardboard flats and gauze trappings collapse, and author/hero, heavy with death, lumbers toward the lip of the stage. This does happen, and the last pages of "Ada" are the best, and rank with Nabokov's best, but to get to them we traverse too wide a waste of facetious, airy, side-slipped semi-reality.

*Define reality.*

That which exists.

*Don't you mean merely that which is perceived? Can we divide the universe, of which you seem so wholly fond, from our perception of it? And can we, more to the point, divide the reality of a book from what the author says it is? Does a "dorophone" exist less on the paper than a "telephone" be-*



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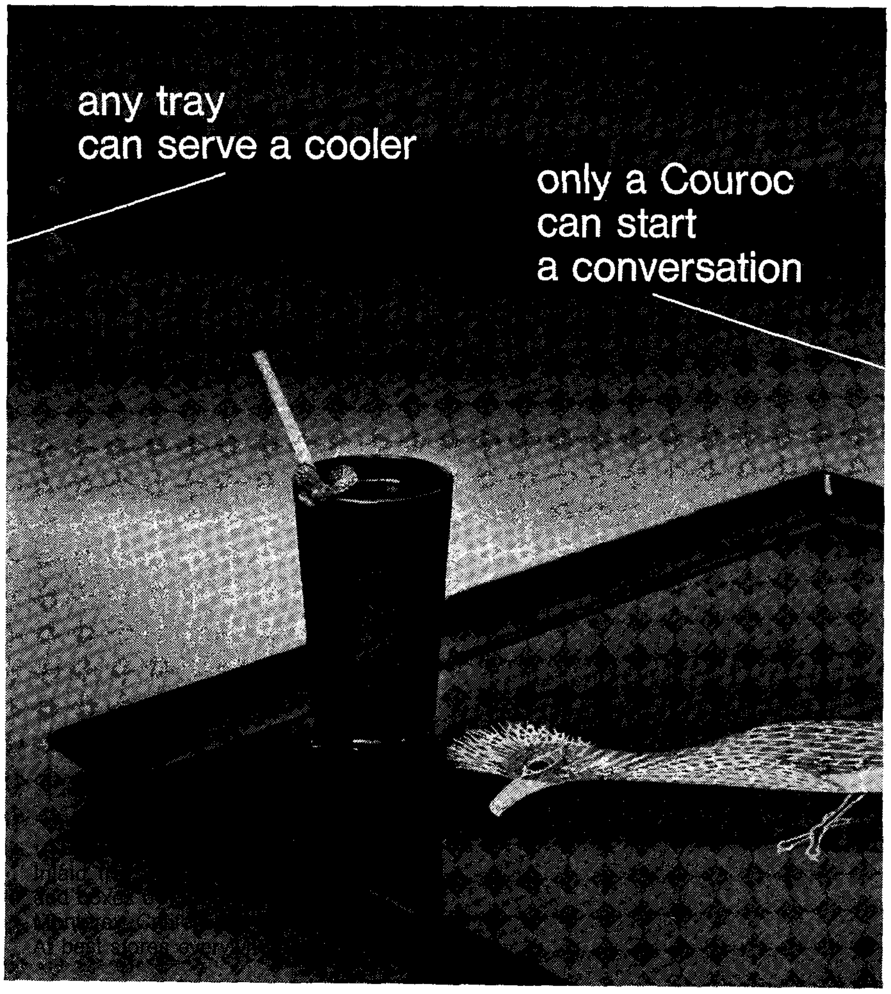

*cause a hundred million "real" telephones echo in coarse Bakelite the latter, while the former is a unique coinage of the writer's imperious imagination? And isn't an author entitled to applause and gratitude for daring to work not in dreary Zolaesque dredging of a swampy "external world" as hallucinatory as the next but along the living rainbow edge where writer's mind meets reader's in the mist of the retreating thunderstorms of "traditional" novels, a retreat most prettily signalled by the jovial iridescence of parody? Don't you think that your plebeian cavils were anticipated and scornfully dismissed in advance by this towering, snorting wizard?*

To be sure, the risks have been calculated. Some offenses are intentional. On the second page, Van disarmingly confesses his "ancestral strain of whimsical, and not seldom deplorable, taste." And defensive jabs at "cretinic critics" abound. But is it intentional that the conversations between the two lovers so stiflingly reek of mutual congratulation, that the dialogue everywhere defuses itself with quibbles and pranks, and that the hero is such a brute? When the girl who relieves him of his virginity, courteously described as "a fubsy pig-pink whorelet," tries to kiss him, Van "elbow[s] her face away." When Lucette, Ada's younger sister, falls in love with him, he drives her to suicide. When Kim, a servant boy at Ardis Hall, photographs Van and Ada making love and tries to blackmail them, Van arranges to have him blinded—"carried out of his cottage with one eye hanging on a red thread and the other drowned in its blood." Ada, bless her, now and then rebukes him for his hardheartedness, explaining that "not everybody is as happy as we are," but Van holds aloof from "silly pity—a sentiment I rarely experience" and continues to nourish at the expense of others an ego "richer and prouder than anything those two poor worms could imagine," the two worms being two lovers of Ada whom the author dispatches before duel-crazy Van can get to them. As to Kim: " 'Amends have been made,' replied fat Van with a fat man's chuckle. 'I'm keeping Kim safe and snug in a nice Home for Disabled Professional People, where he gets from me loads of nicely brailled books on new processes in chromophotography.' " This useful therapy is cousin, presumably, to "those helpful hobbies which polio patients, lunatics, and convicts are taught by generous institutions, by enlightened administrators, by ingenious psychiatrists—such as bookbinding, or putting blue beads into the orbits of dolls made by other criminals, cripples, and madmen."

It is not always easy, but it is necessary, to distinguish between the hero's callousness and the author's zest for describing deformity and pain. Gentle Professor Pnin, we remember, was going to give someday a course on "The History of Pain." Throughout Nabokov's work, pain appears as the twin, in the physical world, of madness in the psychical. "Ada" contains a cruel vision of the afterlife: "The only consciousness that persists in the hereafter is the consciousness of pain." Little sensitive particles, a web of toothaches here, a bundle of nightmares there, cling to each other "like tiny groups of obscure refugees from some obliterated country huddling together for a little smelly warmth, for dingy charities or shared recollections of nameless tortures in Tartar camps." The fragmentation of Lucette's consciousness as she drowns ("she thought it proper to inform a serious of receding Lucettes . . . that what death amounted to was only a more complete assortment of the infinite fractions of solitude") is monstrously well felt. Such sharp focus on pain, death, and madness incriminates not Van but the world. After Lucette's death, he longs in a letter for "more deeply moral worlds than this pellet of muck." Yet the phrase "pellet of muck" is a dandy's dismissal, and as Van goes about the world swaddled in his millions, exposing himself to chambermaids, feasting off of adolescent prostitutes, squashing literary critics, despising his lecture audiences, and fiercely repelling all who would trespass upon his inviolate ego and his adoration of Ada, he bares, perhaps unintentionally, a moral deformity comparable to the physical deformities that fascinate him.

NABOKOV was born and reared as an aristocrat. Rich, healthy, brilliant, physically successful, he lacks the neurasthenic infirmities that gave the modernism of Proust, Joyce, Kafka, and Mann its tender underside. Asked, in a recent Japanese magazine (*The Umi*, Volume 1, No. 1), the question "What authors or works have influenced you most?," Nabokov answered serenely, "None." In truth, it is hard, in the ranks of literary genius, recruited as they are from the shabby-genteel and the bedridden, to find his aristo-

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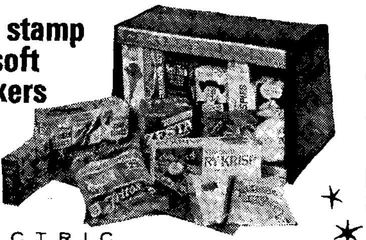

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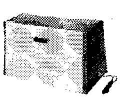

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cratic, vigorous peers. There is Tolstoy, and there is Chateaubriand. Tolstoy is much on Nabokov's mind. "Ada" begins by inverting the opening sentence of "Anna Karenina" and closes by likening itself, "in pure joyousness and Arcadian innocence," to Tolstoy's reminiscences. It contains a Vronsky, a Kitty, a Dolly; Levin's code-word courtship of Kitty is parodied by Scrabble games between Van and Ada. The country-house atmosphere of Ardis Hall mimics yet partakes of the Tolstoyan idyll. Van's father accuses him of belonging to "the Decadent School of writing, in company of naughty old Leo and consumptive Anton," and Ada does a "clever pastiche . . . mimicking Tolstoy's paragraph rhythm and chapter closings." The list of concealed allusions and twittings could doubtless be lengthened. (Graduate student, go do it!)

But Chateaubriand, to whom the author tips his hat at half a dozen intersections, looms more fondly, as grandfathers will over fathers—and boorish, booted, crypto-Communist fathers at that. "Ada" shares with "Atala" its heroine's vowels and the setting of a fantasized America, with "René" the theme of incest, and with "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe" its posthumous posture and an affinity of tone. Even through the brown varnish of translation, certain colors and twists in Chateaubriand's prose suggest Nabokov. In "Atala," the Mississippi (which Chateaubriand probably never saw) is described in flood:

> But in the scenes of nature grace and magnificence always go together: while the main current drags the corpses of pines and oaks to the sea, floating islands of lotus and water-lily, their yellow blooms raised like standards, are borne upstream along either bank. Green snakes, blue herons, red flamingoes, and young crocodiles travel as passengers on these flowering boats, and each colony, spreading its golden sails to the wind, will come to rest in its own quiet backwater.

The observation of the *counter*-current, the magical precision applied to a vision, the detection of an idyll at the heart of a tumult, have a kinship with the prose flights of our Russian; Chateaubriand, too, was a survivor of revolution and a naturalist:

> The scene is no less picturesque in broad daylight; for a crowd of butterflies, dragonflies, humming-birds, green parakeets, blue jays, attach themselves to these mosses, which are then like a tapestry in white wool, upon which the European craftsman has worked insects and dazzling birds.

The habit of viewing nature as an artifact blends with a trick of seeing

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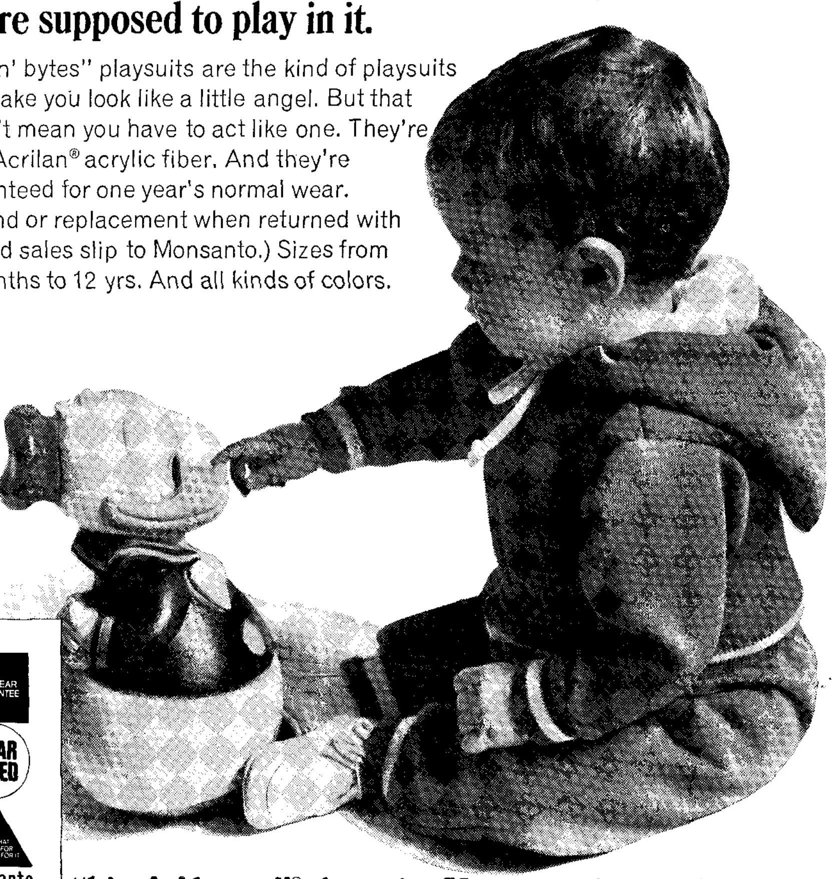

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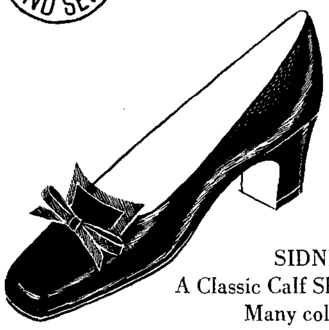

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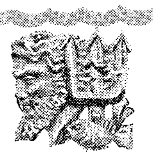

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human personality as a mechanism, wherein certain rather sad inevitabilities produce jerky effects:

> Apolline de Bedée [Chateaubriand's mother] had large features and was dark, dainty, and ugly; her elegant manners and lively temperament contrasted with my father's stiffness and equanimity. As fond of society as he was of solitude, and as high-spirited and cheerful as he was cold and unemotional, she did not have a single taste which was not at variance with those of her husband.... Obliged to keep silent when she would have liked to speak, she found consolation in a kind of noisy sadness broken by sighs which formed the only interruption to the mute sadness of my father. In matters of piety, my mother was an angel.

Later in the "Mémoires," Chateaubriand evokes the imaginary woman that his solitude in the château at Combourg created:

> A young queen would come to me, decked in diamonds and flowers (it was my sylph). She sought me out at midnight, through gardens of orange trees ... beneath a sky of love bathed in the light of Endymion's star; she moved forward, a living statue by Praxiteles, in the midst of motionless statues, pale pictures, and silent frescoes whitened by the moonlight ... the silken tresses from her loosened diadem fell caressingly on my brow as she bent her sixteen-year-old head over my face, and her hands rested on my breast, throbbing with respect and desire.

This is Ada, to the diamonds and flowers, the *respect* and desire. Our sensation is confirmed that Ada is Van; that the duo is a single "A" of refracted solitude; that she is too ardent and intelligent, too *respectful*, to be external. She tells him, "All my thoughts, oh, my darling, are mimotypes of yours."

Rape is the sexual sin of the mob, adultery of the bourgeoisie, and incest of the aristocracy. Romanticism, which made of every ego an aristocrat, spawned Wordsworth and Dorothy; Byron and Augusta; Chateaubriand and Lucile, the sister who shared his Combourg solitude, who took on the moonlit lineaments of his "sylph," and who fled into a nunnery. "When we spoke of the world," Chateaubriand recalls, "it was of that which we carried within ourselves, a world which bore little resemblance to the real world." "Van," Ada writes in the margin of "Ada," "I trust your taste and your talent but are we *quite sure* we should keep reverting so *zestfully* to that wicked world which after all may have existed only oneirologically, Van?" The idyll of Ardis Hall has its roots in the childhood fictionalized in the early pages of "The Gift" and "The Defense." The idyll concerns self-discovery, the discovery of poetry, of chess, of lepidoptery (Ada's passion, not Van's), of one's own genius. "Ada" allegorizes self-love, self-respect; its spirituality (and it is a spiritual book) generates itself along the circular lines that to love one's self under the guise of a sister is to feminize one's soul, to make it other than the masculine ego, to externalize it—to give oneself, then, a soul.

The outward process is less pleasing, incestuous self-sufficiency plunging rapidly through world denigration into despair. Though Van sleeps with harlots and Ada with fools, only Lucette, their half sister, has enough precious substance to come between them; when she is drowned (as movingly as possible, from Van's rather aerial point of view), the union of Ada and Van is only a matter of time, which we are told is a motionless "grayish gauze." In a world without substance, the twinned genius-ego risks acrophobia.

> CHATEAUBRIAND: I made progress in the study of languages; I became strong in mathematics, for which I have always had a pronounced leaning: I would have made a good naval officer or sapper.... I was good at chess, billiards, shooting, and fencing; I drew tolerably well; I would have sung well, too, if my voice had been trained.
>
> VAN: He was ten. His father had lingered in the West where the many-colored mountains acted upon Van as they had on all young Russians of genius. He could solve an Euler-type problem or learn by heart Pushkin's "Headless Horseman" poem in less than twenty minutes.
>
> CHATEAUBRIAND: My imagination, kindled into flame and spreading in all directions, failed to find adequate nourishment anywhere and could have devoured heaven and earth.
>
> VAN: He had to do it his own way, but the cognac was frightful, and the history of thought bristled with clichés, and it was that history he had to surmount.
>
> CHATEAUBRIAND: In life weighed by its light weight, measured by its short measure, and stripped of all deception, there are only two things of real value: religion married with intelligence and love married with youth ... the rest is not worth while.
>
> VAN: ... this pellet of muck ...
>
> CHATEAUBRIAND: Finally, one thing completed my misery: the groundless despair which I carried in the depths of my heart.
>
> VAN: He wondered what really kept him alive on terrible Antiterra, with Terra a myth and all art a game ...

Is art a game? Nabokov stakes his career on it, and there exist enterprising young critics who, in replacing Proust, Joyce, and Mann with the alliterative new trinity of Beckett, Borges, and naBokov, imply that these wonderful old fellows make fine airtight boxes, like five-foot plastic cubes in a Minimal Art show, all inner reflection and shimmer, perfectly self-contained, detached from even the language of their composition. I think not. Art is part game, part grim erotic tussle with Things As They Are; the boxes must have holes where reality can look out and readers can look in. Beckett shows us the threadbare rudiments of our animal existence; Borges opens a window on the desolation of history's maze and the tang of heroism that blows off the Argentine plain. And "Ada," though aspiring to "an art now become pure and abstract, and therefore genuine," is full of holes, stretches and pages and phrases whose life derives from life.

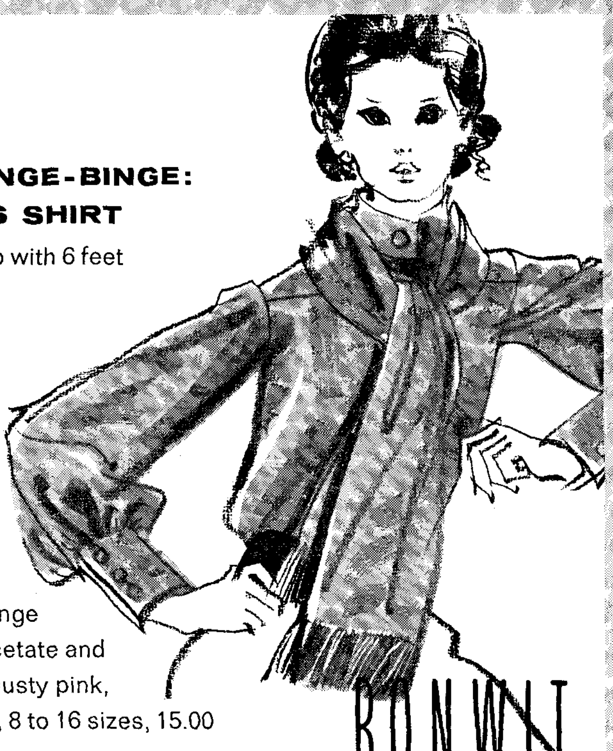
*Oh? Such as? Your praise-space is cramped.*

(1) Ada herself. Witty and convolute *and* kind in her marginal addenda, wanly feminine in her lapses and evasions, quite lovable as a pornographic heroine progressively engaged in fancier pranks. The frontier of sexual explicitness, where "Lolita" was once an outpost, has been rolled way back; Nabokov adds a charming page (page 141) to the rapidly expanding American anthology of fellatio, and the inventory of Ada's charms beginning on page 215 is of Sapphic purity and Homeric grandeur.

(2) The essays, toward the end, on time and memory. Though his rebuttals of Freud and Einstein suggest the efforts of a very impressively costumed witch doctor to analyze an internal combustion engine in terms of mana and sympathetic magic, it is fun to watch; and his attempt, in droll Lecturese, to pry open the innermost secrets of existence has the uncanny dignity of high blasphemy. Science fiction in the best sense.

(3) A thousand images and verbal moments where intelligence winks and wonder gleams. At random: the moment when Demon dorophones Marina from "a roadside booth of pure crystal still tear-stained after a tremendous thunderstorm" to beg her to come see "the daze of desert flowers that the rain had brought out."

(4) All of Part V, which is "not meant as an epilogue; it is the true introduction of my ninety-seven percent true, and three percent likely, *Ada or Ardor, a family chronicle*." The author, "a crotchety gray old wordman on the edge of a hotel bed," confides to us from the height of his ninety-seven years what it is like to be old, famous, impotent, and content. He describes his medicines, including "the delightful effect of a spoonful of sodium bicarbonate dis-



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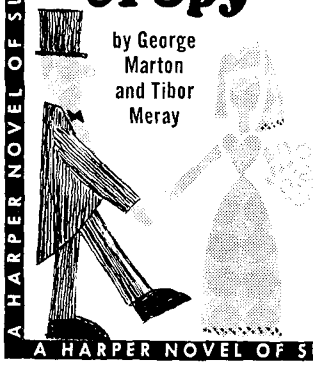

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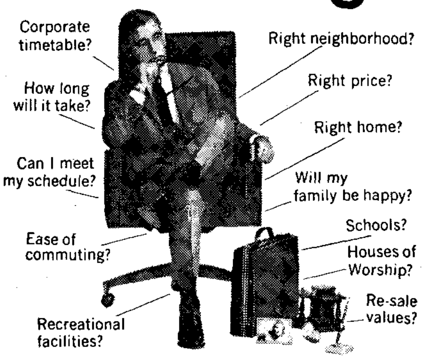
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solved in water that was sure to release three or four belches as big as the speech balloons in the 'funnies' of his boyhood." He faces death, and its preliminary pain: "A giant, with an effort-contorted face, clamping and twisting an engine of agony." He reveals that Terra and Antiterra, rather casually, have merged. Ada and Van together translate into Russian some lines of John Shade, casting the last of many backward looks into Nabokov's *œuvre*. Then they die, "into Eden or Hades, into the prose of the book or the poetry of its blurb." The blurb ends the book. It is strange but solid; sensations close to the edge of experience have been given equivalence in print. Would that such a marriage of lovely mind and surly matter had occured earlier in "Ada"!

*Wait a minute*, une petite minute, pazhalsta—*what sort of loose, not to say queasily quasi-mystical, talk is "sensations close to the edge of experience"*?

Well, a man's religious life is the last province of privacy these days, but it is clear from "Ada" and other evidences that Nabokov is a mystic. "You believe," Ada asks Van, "you believe in the existence of Terra? Oh, you do!" And Nabokov, when asked by his *Playboy* interviewer if he believed in God, answered, "I know more than I can express in words, and the little I can express would not have been expressed had I not known more." In the same interview, he describes his preparations for a novel, which consist of random jottings at the behest of a "force" like that which makes a bird collect bits of straw and fluff in preparation for a nest. Just as Chateaubriand found accommodation for his massive egotism and morbidity within Catholic orthodoxy, Nabokov has made a church for himself out of fanatic pedantry; the thousand pages of his "Onegin" footnotes are a cathedralic structure where even the capitals that face the wall are painstakingly carved. Chateaubriand's morose and windy communion with nature at Combourg has its counterpart in Nabokov's happier intimations at Vyra of natural intricacy, particularly that of mimetic patterns in lepidoptera, a mimicry whose extravagant ingenuity seems unaccountable in a mechanical scheme of evolution. His fiction, from its punning prose and its twinning of characters to the elegance of each tale's deceptive design, re-presents his boyhood's revelation of art-for-art's-sake within nature. If nature is an artifact, however, there must be, if not an Artist, at least a kind of raw reality beneath or behind it, and the most daring and distressing quality of his novels is their

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eerie attempt to rub themselves bare, to display their own vestments of artifice and then to remove them. Hence the recurrent device of the uncompleted, imperfect manuscript; this text embodies not only Ada's marginal notes but various false paragraph starts and editor's bracketed notes of the type frequent in proof sheets. Van says of a moment of semi-recognition, "It was a queer feeling—as of something replayed by mistake, part of a sentence misplaced on the proof sheet, a scene run prematurely, a repeated blemish, a wrong turn of time." This "queer feeling" is the sensation "close to the edge of experience" that Nabokov seeks to embody in "Ada;" this "queer feeling" is the heart of his artistic rapture and devotion, and also of his not always delicious mystification, his not invariably enlightening pursuit of nuancé inklings. In "Pale Fire," John Shade showed a surprisingly literal interest in the afterlife; in "Ada," Nabokov has sought to construct, with his Hades and Nirvana, an Otherlife. Art begins with magic. Though Nabokov operates, it seems to me, without the sanctions, the charity and humility, that make a priest, he lays claim to the more ancient title of magician.

—JOHN UPDIKE

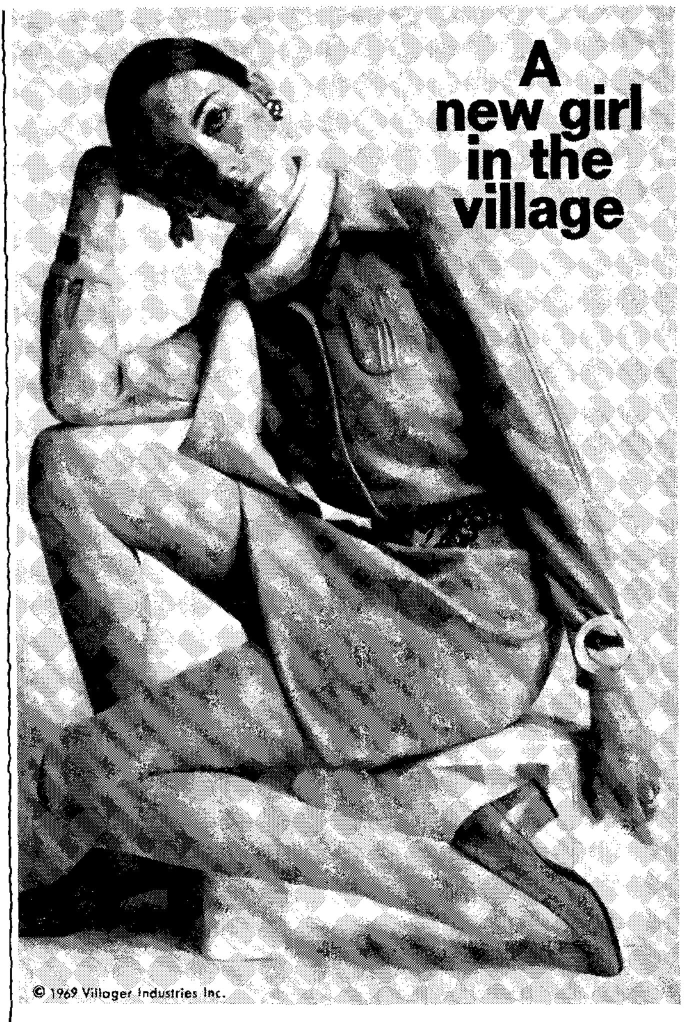
## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

EAGLE IN THE AIR, by Rose Robinson (Crown). A thin, patchwork novel about a beautiful, ladylike black girl, expelled from college for taking part in the occupation of a building, unlucky in love, and uncomfortable back home, thumbing her way to California. The characters are scanty, particularly the idealized hitchhiker, and Miss Robinson has a weakness for sensational romantic clichés ("His arms enclosed her willingness . . ."). But her experiments with figures of speech and her manipulation of syntax are generally interesting, and her version of hillbilly dialect sounds right.

### GENERAL

THE LONG PURSUIT, by Richard Hough (Harper & Row). An account of the extended hue and cry in the early months of the First World War which culminated in the battle of Falkland Islands on December 8, 1914. This was the decisive, one-sided battle in which a vastly superior British fleet managed, with the additional help of favorable weather and surprise, to



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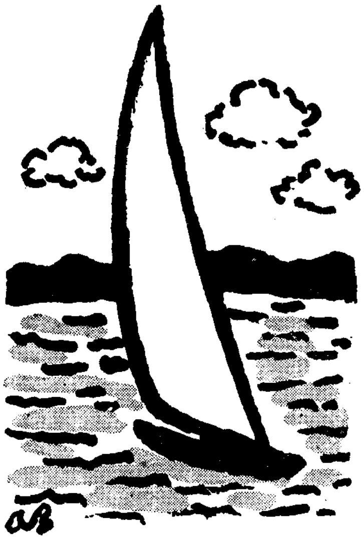

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destroy four of the five ships of Vice-Admiral Graf Maximilian von Spee's East Asiatic Squadron. Mr. Hough is an expert on naval warfare, and he handles expertly the tactics at Falkland and at the earlier battle of Coronel (an earned German victory), but he even more interestingly conveys the patriotic fervor and the touching sense of chivalry that incredibly survived (at least at the officer level) into the twentieth century—a sense that prompted von Spee to propose the toast after Coronel "I drink to the memory of a gallant and honorable foe" and to write to his wife "How little I personally value my life and how willingly I would give it in the service of the Fatherland." Photographs and two endpaper maps.

A PASSION FOR SICILIANS: THE WORLD AROUND DANILO DOLCI, by Jerre Mangione (Morrow), and THE MAN WHO PLAYS ALONE, by Danilo Dolci (Pantheon). These two books complement each other in an odd way. Professor Mangione's is a view of Sicily's great humanitarian from the outside; the book by Dolci himself is, like many of his past ones, a view from the inside. Mr. Mangione, who teaches creative writing at the University of Pennsylvania, is an American of Sicilian parentage who has visited the land of his origins several times, and who writes about its inhabitants with grace and humor. He gives what is probably the best account yet of the personality of Dolci and of the heroic work that Dolci has done among the poor of Palermo and points west. Dolci is a northern Italian idealist who was so struck by the poverty of Sicily that he decided to devote his entire life to the problem. He has lived among the poor of the island for more than twenty years, sharing their living conditions and trying to organize them into effective protest groups. He himself has protested by fasting until European intellectuals became worried enough about his health to bring pressure for reform. "The Man Who Plays Alone" is an account of his most recent activities, including his testimony before the Anti-Mafia Commission in Rome. The book is eloquent evidence of his remarkable courage in fighting the organization that has terrorized and impoverished the western part of the island. Dolci is the last of the great surviving apostles of non-violent protest, and his book is both a document of importance and a touchingly human account of the plight of the west Sicilians.

RONALD FIRBANK, by Miriam J. Benkovitz (Knopf). Professor Benkovitz, of Skidmore College, who compiled "The Bibliography of Ronald Firbank" in 1963, is probably the world's foremost authority on the subject. For this biography she has had access to all of Firbank's unpublished papers, and thus much of her material is new. Firbank was an exquisite and a pederast—a classic case of mother fixation—who managed to continue the tradition of the decadent nineties well into the nineteen-twenties, before he died of tuberculosis at the age of forty. In his short life, he wrote eight brief novels, publishing most of them at his own expense, until he was discovered in his last years by Carl Van Vechten and achieved a measure of popular success and sales in the United States. The novels still have their enthusiasts, and Professor Benkovitz argues that at least one, "Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli," is "a masterpiece of morality and technique." Her biography follows Firbank almost day by day, and at its best has the qualities of Firbank's own fiction: style, wit, and an enormous gossipy interest. Photographs.

THE RIGHT TIME, by Harry Golden (Putnam). A likable, honest, funny autobiography. Mr. Golden has perhaps had more troubles than most people, but he seems never to have been sorry for himself, though he is rueful about his mistakes. He is easygoing and forgiving about many matters, yet passionate in his insistence on justice for American Negroes. A celebrity himself, he has an engaging capacity for hero worship (his parents, Adlai Stevenson). And he has a marvellous way with an anecdote.

•

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